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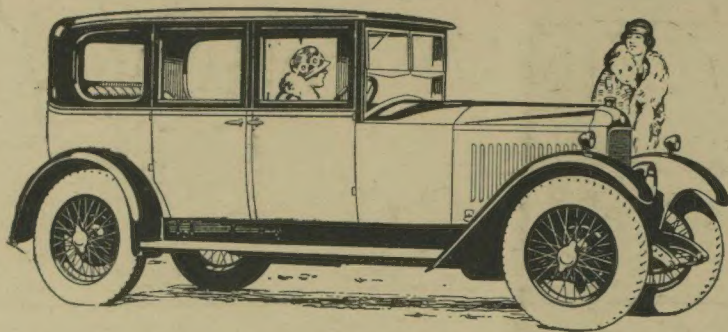
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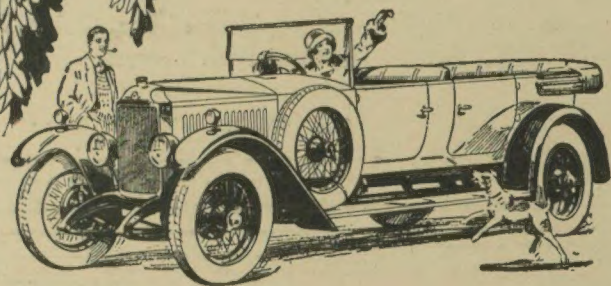
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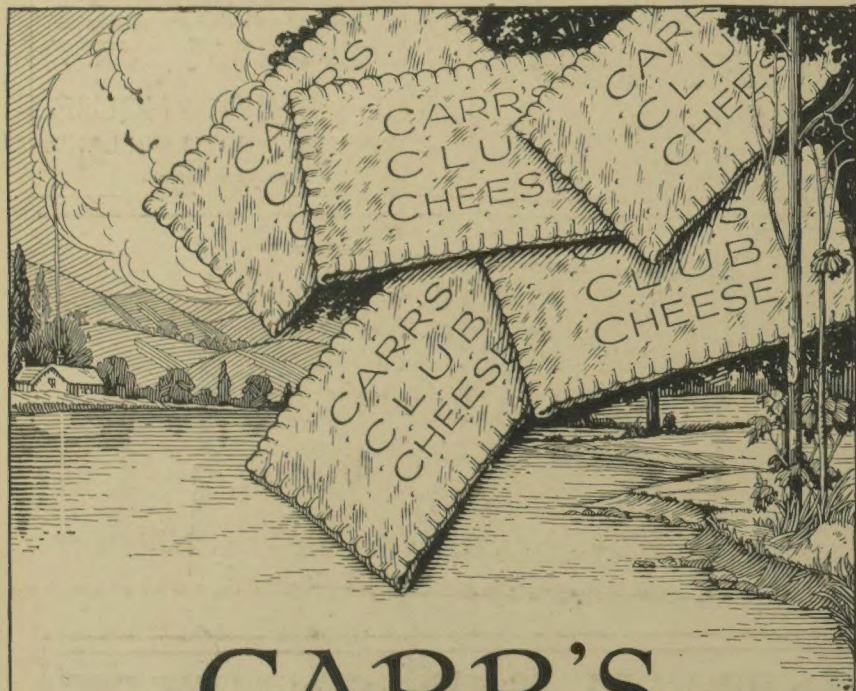
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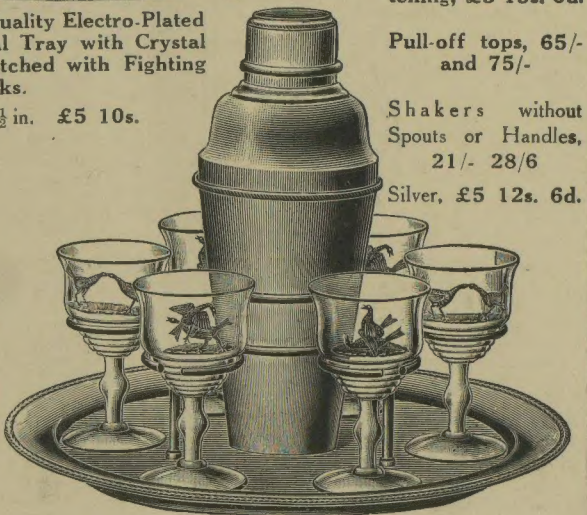


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Her eyes are a gooseberry shade of green  
And her splay feet far from tiny;  
Yet Directors beam as she flutters near  
In a jumper of screeching colours,  
For she brings Romance and the sweetest Cheer  
With a box of Divine Abdullas.

Our Office Vamp has no baby ways,  
She is hardly the Girl one Cuddles,  
But the Staff regard her with ardent gaze  
From a sea of financial muddles;  
She has never heard of a shorthand test,  
And is hopeless at French and Spanish,  
But she ambles round with *Abdulla's Best*  
And all Worries and Bothers vanish.

—F. R. HOLMES.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1926.

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WITH HER MOTHER, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK, WHO IS TO BE CHRISTENED  
IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO-DAY, MAY 29.

Much interest was roused by the announcement of the names selected for the King and Queen's first granddaughter, the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York. These are Elizabeth Alexandra Mary; the first after her

mother, who was formerly Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the second after Queen Alexandra, and the third after the Queen. The christening is fixed to take place to-day, Saturday, May 29; in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN I was wandering about in the market of an old town in Spain, I came upon a sort of ramshackle bookstall and paper-stall full of odds and ends of novelettes and penny-dreadfuls, in languages and local dialects all strange and baffling to me; and among them I saw with a start of surprise (followed, I need not say, by a burst of tears) an odd number of *The Illustrated London News*, which is found wherever the traveller may wander, probably at the North Pole, and almost certainly in the Cannibal Islands. Naturally, I proceeded, drying my tears, to purchase the document; and as it is almost the only English document I had seen for some time, I am driven to seek in it a topic for this article; the same organ being destined to provide both the text and the sermon. Whether, or when, the article itself will ever reach the magazine itself is quite doubtful; and I send it off at random and on chance. For it is written at a time when there is unusual chaos in England and unusual calm in Spain. Both the order and the disorder, being typical modern things, were meant to make things go quick, and only succeed in making them go slow. For the modern world is a crowd of very rapid racing-cars all brought to a standstill and stuck in a block of traffic.

Anyhow, I can only quote from this paper in order to write for this paper; and I will quote one of the most interesting things in it. It may seem invidious to differ from one of my most distinguished fellow-contributors; especially when we meet thus pathetically in *The Illustrated London News* when we are both far from London. But though this paper is normally no special place for controversy, I hope that the eminent Italian writer, Signor Ferrero, will not mind my expressing a respectful difference of opinion upon a rather important point of social history. With many of his remarks about the cult of St. Francis of Assisi

I entirely agree; though he approaches the matter from a standpoint different from mine. He admits that the admiration for Francis among free-thinkers and free-lances generally is immense and even increasing; yet he declares rather dogmatically that the modern mind or intelligence cannot really reconcile itself to the Franciscan ideal. It would be interesting to ask what is exactly the nature of this modern mind, which is in flat contradiction to so very large a multitude of modern minds? The truth is that the chief mark, in Signor Ferrero's sense, of the modern mind is that it is no longer modern. It would be truer to call it the nineteenth century mind. For the rest, I fully agree that the Franciscan ideal is inconsistent with a common and conventional way of talking in our time; as if riches always meant refinement and refinement always meant virtue. I am only too well aware that in the opinion of a select society of snobs "it is poverty and not riches that brutalises"; which offers an excellent excuse for treating poor people as brutes. And it is perfectly true that a different morality exists for those who can never forget that the poor people may happen to be saints. But when the famous Italian historian goes on to suggest that the Franciscan protest or reproach

is not so much needed now, because the wealthy are more worthy, or at least less dominant, than they were in the past, I must emphatically disagree. Signor Ferrero is infinitely more learned than I am about various passages in the past. But this is not a question of being ignorant of the past, but of being ignorant of the present. The striking and even startling peculiarity of the present, of the time in which we now live, is the fact that the rich wield a quite new and abnormal power that was never known in the world before. I should say that no rich man in the past ever had anything like the power over humanity possessed by a millionaire or financier to-day. He often had local powers of a more violent or ferocious kind. In old days he could sometimes scourge men to death, where he can now only starve them to death. He could sometimes burn the house over their heads, and not merely buy it over their heads. But that has nothing to do with the scope and scale of power; that is simply a difference of

"The Canterbury Tales." It is an unfair assumption; but let us assume it.

I say that the mediæval rich man in Chester could not possibly do so much harm as the modern rich man in Manchester. He could not perhaps do so much good; he could not do so much anything. Suppose the feudal lord in Chester wanted to improve a town or impoverish a peasantry somewhere in Muscovy. He could not do it even if he was possessed of seven devils. The modern financier can do it by signing a cheque or refusing to sign one. The notion of blackmailing a king at the other end of the world, because the king was in difficulties, would have struck the feudal baron as something beyond his worst and wildest dreams; the blackmail would have seemed a sort of black magic. To take the bread out of the mouths of a whole people living in a lonely valley at the ends of the earth, to foreclose on an Italian Republic or change all the

prices in the villages of Austria, would have appeared quite outside the sphere of practical politics. The feudal tyrant had no such ambition; his virtues walked their narrow round, and he was content with his quiet domestic pleasures. He hanged and burned in quite a small way. Of course the power of usury did exist in his time; it existed in a limited form, and was everywhere denounced and forbidden. Now it exists in an unlimited form and is everywhere flattered and condoned.

I need not add that the rich ruler of to-day has another new power which he values most of all; the power of remaining nameless. He has the gift of being invisible, or, in other words, irresponsible. The crimes of the Earl of Chester could not be hidden from the people of Chester. But we only see financial conspiracies in their vast, yet often vague, effects, not in their invisible

causes. What would not an ancient lord, or even an ancient king, have given to be certain that hundreds of thousands of his serfs or subjects opened their eyes at daybreak to drink their morning ale and look at a proclamation pinned on the wall before them, telling a beautiful and satisfactory story of what admirable things the ruler had done the day before? Suppose a solitary feudal gentleman could have sent his own account of the situation suddenly all over a country or a continent, in one tremendous shower of arrows or one rush of incredibly swift horsemen! That is the power of the modern Press, now almost entirely in the hands of a few wealthy private citizens.

But I will not give all the examples that could be given of this extraordinary modern power of money, which is something entirely out of proportion to the mere private luxury of privileged classes in the past. It may be that there are some who can believe that this modern power is always used for good; that those who use it have no motives but the highest ideals of humanity. But some of us think there are still evidences of that evil power of Mammon which called for the challenge of St. Francis.



THE FIRST GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN, TO BE CHRISTENED TO-DAY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH ALEXANDRA MARY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duchess of York's little daughter was born at 17, Bruton Street on April 21. She was officially registered on May 17 in the ordinary Register of Births for the Mayfair Division of St. George's, Hanover Square, under the names of Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, after the Duchess, Queen Alexandra, and the Queen. It has been announced that the christening ceremony will take place in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace to-day, May 29.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

runder manners to be found in any incident on any scale. The ruder manners were not peculiar to rich people; they were even more marked in poor people. It was commoner for a tyrant to blind or maim a man. It was also commoner for a mob to tear a man in pieces. There is a lack of polish in these social incidents; but polish has nothing to do with power.

Suppose we take a feudal baron in the northern part of England in the earlier part of the Middle Ages; somebody of the type of an Earl of Chester. He had a great deal of power; and we will suppose, for the sake of argument, that he always incessantly abused his power. We will suppose that he was always engaged in hanging all the serfs on whose labour he depended and throwing into his narrow dungeons thousands of the vassals whom he needed in his ceaseless raids. It does not sound very probable; it is not really a reasonable assumption to make about anybody. It is like assuming that every bank manager will invariably sack all his clerks every morning. It is not like life; it is not in the least like anything we know about mediæval life. It is not the sort of thing suggested to us by reading the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Joinville* or the *Prologue to*

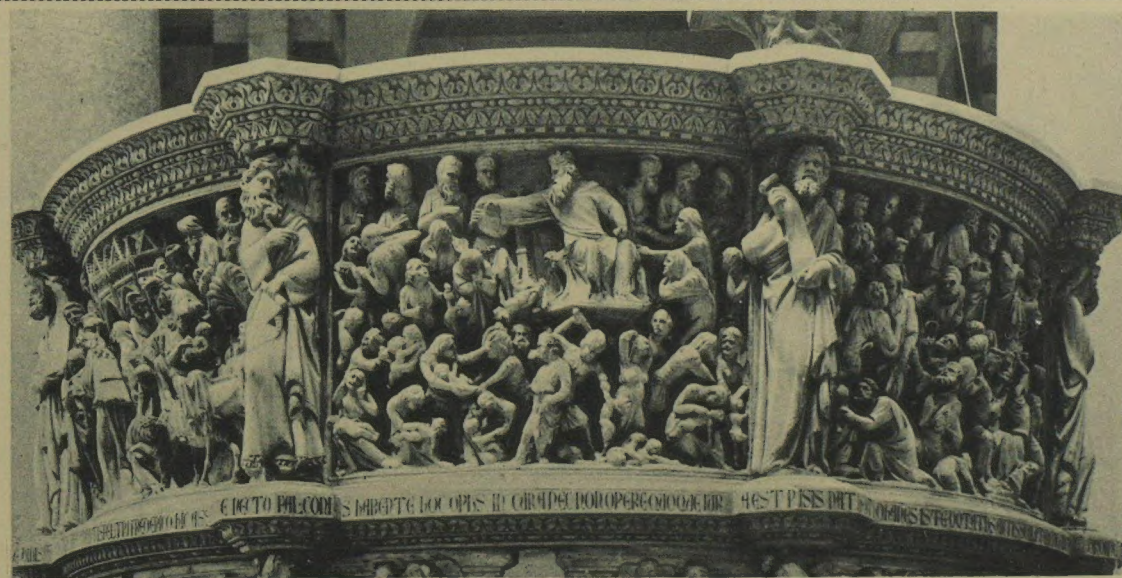


## PIECED TOGETHER FROM COUNTLESS FRAGMENTS: A FAMOUS PULPIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHEOLOGY AND FINE ARTS. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 952.)



"A GREAT work of art," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, "has been accomplished at Pisa with the reconstruction—under the magnificent nave of the Duomo—of the famous pulpit executed by Giovanni, son of Nicolo Pisano, between 1302 and 1310. This marvel of sculpture, one of the masterpieces of the early Italian Renaissance, was destroyed towards the beginning of 1600, during the works of restoration after the great fire at the Duomo in [Continued opposite.



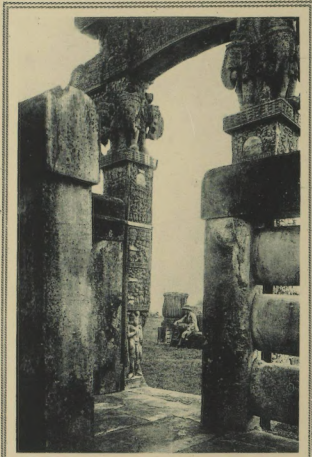
A MARVEL OF RECONSTRUCTION COMPLETED AFTER 300 YEARS: GIOVANNI PISANO'S PULPIT IN THE DUOMO AT PISA, A GEM OF ITALIAN SCULPTURE OF DANTE'S TIME: AND (BELOW) PART OF THE BAS-RELIEF FRIEZE, SHOWING (CENTRE) THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS UNDER HEROD; (LEFT) THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

[Continued.] 1595, and its fragments, scattered on all sides beneath and around the ruins of the building, were considered lost. It has been by the patient tenacity and hard work of many generations of lovers of art that, after 300 years, the hundreds of original pieces found could be put together—except two, which were taken in past times to Berlin—and the monument has risen again in its place." Signor Mussolini arranged to unveil the restored pulpit on May 25.



MARVELLOUS VITALITY IN EARLY INDIAN ART: LIFELIKE

REPRODUCED FROM "ANCIENT INDIA." BY K. DE B. CODRINGTON. WITH A PREFATORY ESSAY ON INDIAN SCULPTURE



1. WITH REALISTIC ELEPHANT CAPITALS: A GATEWAY AT SANCHI, BHOPAL, ORNAMENTED WITH BUDDHIST SCENES. (FIRST CENTURY B.C.)



2. AN INTERESTING RECORD OF OLD INDIAN JEWELLERY: LIFELIKE SCULPTURE FROM RAJIM, CENTRAL PROVINCES. (EIGHTH CENTURY, A.D.)



3. WITH MUCH JEWELLERY, A MARKED FEATURE OF ALL INDIAN SCULPTURE: ANOTHER STATUE FROM RAJIM. (EIGHTH CENTURY A.D.)



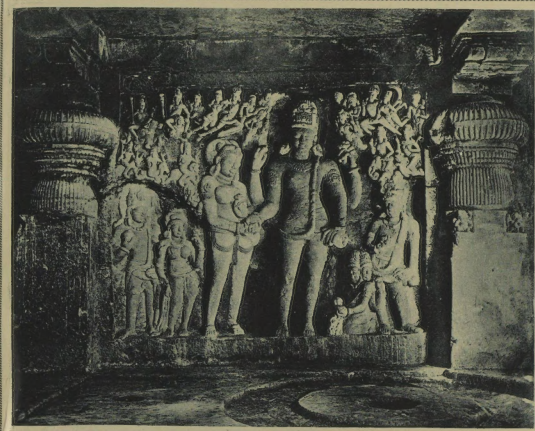
6. MASTERLY INTERPRETATION OF RHYTHM AND MOVEMENT: VISHNU TRAVERSING THE THREE WORLDS IN THREE STEPS.—FROM A ROCK TEMPLE AT RAJIM. (EIGHTH CENTURY A.D.)



7. AN EARLY INDIAN COUNTERPART TO WATT'S "PHYSICAL ENERGY": HORSE AND WARRIORS, A GROUP FROM KONARAK, ORISSA—A LIVELY REPRESENTATION OF STRENGTH IN MOTION. (ELEVENTH CENTURY A.D.)

STATUARY AND REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF MOVEMENT.

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BERN, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 950.)



4. WITH THE GODS HIDING ON VARIOUS ANIMALS (ABOVE) AND BRAHMA SQUATTING BELOW: THE MARRIAGE OF SIVA AND PARVATI, FROM THE DASAVATAR CAVE, ELLORA, NIZAM'S DOMINIONS. (EIGHTH CENTURY.)



5. A COUCHANT LION INSTINCT WITH ENERGY: THE RICHLY CARVED CAPITAL (BELIEVED TO SHOW PERSIAN INFLUENCE) OF A BUDDHIST GATE FROM BHARHUT. (SECOND CENTURY B.C.)



8. ANOTHER FINE EXAMPLE OF SUBTLETY AND ENERGY OF MOVEMENT IN INDIAN MEDIEVAL CARVING: THE HEAVENLY MUSICIAN—A BRACKET FIGURE FROM KATHIAWAR, NOW IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (TENTH CENTURY A.D.)



9. GRANDLY IMPRESSIVE IN CONTRAST TO THE EXAMPLES OF VITALITY AND MOVEMENT: COLOSSAL TRIMURTI (HINDU TRINITY) IN THE SIVA CAVE-TEMPLE AT ELEPHANTA, NEAR BOMBAY. (EIGHTH CENTURY.)

Indian art, as expressed in sculpture and architecture, is the subject of a monumental volume—"Ancient India," by K. de B. Codrington, with a prefatory essay on Indian sculpture by William Rothenstein, which is reviewed on page 950 of this number. It contains seventy-six beautiful plates, many of them comprising several subjects, so that the total number of subjects illustrated is much greater. We have selected for reproduction those which show most effectively the wonderful sense of movement and lifelike character of Indian sculpture. Mr. Rothenstein emphasises "the mastery displayed in these carvings, the plastic beauty of the forms, the energy and subtlety of the movements of the carved figures... the sense of design and rhythm." The full descriptive notes on the above examples, supplied by the writer of our review, are: "(1) The northern of the four famous gateways at Sanchi, Bhopal. First century B.C. Ornamented with Buddhist scenes. The massive elephant capitals show a clear advance on those at Bharhut; (2 and 3) Sculptures from Rajim. Eighth century. The jewellery, which is a marked feature of all periods of Indian sculpture, is well shown. (4) The marriage of Siva and Parvati, from the

Dasavatara Cave, Ellora, Nizam's Territory. In this strikingly composed group the gods ride above on various animals. Below squats Brahma to perform the priestly functions. Eighth century. (5) The richly-carved bell-shaped capital (believed to show Persian influence) of the east gate of the Bharhut Buddhist stupa, or sacred mound. Second century B.C. (6) Vishnu Trivikrama; the Hindu god Vishnu traversing the three worlds in three steps. From the rock temple of Rajivalochana, Rajim, Central Provinces. Eighth century. A beautiful example of the masterly interpretation of rhythm and movement attained at this period. (7) Horse and warriors, Konarak, Orissa. A lively representation of strength in motion of a later medieval period. Eleventh century. (8) Heavenly musician. A bracket figure from Kathiawar, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Another fine example of the great subtlety and energy of movement shown in the details of Indian medieval carving. (9) Colossal Trimurti (Hindu Trinity) in the Siva cave-temple, Elephanta, near Bombay. Eighth century. This grandly impressive conception is in complete contrast to the vitality and movement of some of the other examples."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## COAL IN THE MAKING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

COAL, just now, forms what may be called "a bone of contention" among us, though whether the struggle is for the sake of its "marrow," or of the "meat" on it, is more than most of us can say. I am certainly not going to hazard a guess! But now that we are forced to think about coal, in some form or other, it may

afford a little relief to consider what coal is, and how it came to be. Take a lump of coal from the scuttle, and examine it carefully. A piece before me, as I write, shows two faces. One of these presents a series of innumerable, glistening, black facets, arranged in a series of superimposed layers, presenting a vertical face, and forming irregularly projecting ledges and deep caverns, as though one were looking at the vertical face of some huge cliff, towering hundreds of feet above the sea, through the wrong end of a telescope! The face of the opposite side presents a very different appearance. It is dull, and looks exactly like bits of charred wood which had been crushed flat by some heavy roller, the charred fragments crossing one another in all directions. Both faces are of the same material, but have been subjected to different forces.

This brief description is based on a piece of ordinary "house-coal," and it would not apply to "steam-coal" or to anthracite, which must be left out of account here. Suffice it to say that all have had the same origin, but have acquired their distinctive characters as a result of the very different physical conditions to which they have been subjected during the process of their mineralisation. These conditions form another story. Here I propose to concentrate attention on the theme of the origin and nature of coal. To begin with, then, coal is a purely vegetable product. That is to say, it is a form of fossilised wood. But it is the wood of plants of a kind now extinct, or represented only by very degenerate descendants. In the Carboniferous Period, when these flourished, millions of years ago, there were no oaks, beech, birch, or elms, but only giant ferns, club-mosses and "horse-tails," and incipient conifers (Fig. 3). But they grew luxuriously, forming dense jungles and vast swamps, under a blazing sun, and apparently always threatened by the sea. The general conditions of their existence were much the same as obtain in the mangrove swamps of to-day. For hundreds of years these ancient forests thrived, the giants, in due course, tottering to decay and finally crashing down, where their massive trunks, having been slowly consumed by fungi and wood-boring insects, were reduced to the condition of a mere rind, or shell, of thick bark, which at last collapsed.

Then a change comes. The level of the forest



FIG. 1.—MINERALISED INTO COAL THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES: A LEPIDODENDRON, ONE OF THE CHIEF TREES OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

Some of the trees of the Coal-measures have been extremely well preserved, as in the case of this *Lepidodendron*, wherein, it will be noticed, the leaf-scars have a spiral arrangement.

floor slowly sinks, and the water invades its fastnesses, depositing presently a layer of fine mud, and for a space of a few hundred years a shallow lagoon lay where once was the forest. Slowly the lagoon silted up, and dry land once again appeared; once more to bear a dank and steaming forest, separated from its forerunner by the mud deposited during the reign of the lagoon. To-day, as we delve down into the old earth's crust in the search for fresh coal-fields, we find the records of these alternate stages. The coal is found in "seams," sometimes but an inch or two in thickness, sometimes several yards. Similarly, the intervening bands of fire-clay, or limestone, vary in thickness; sometimes they are hundreds of feet thick. The area of these coal-fields was enormous, extending over many thousands of square miles. It was the immense weight of the vast superimposed accumulation of rock, combined with the earth's internal heat, which compressed this dead vegetation into the solid black rock we call coal.

The most conspicuous trees of those far-off days were the *Lepidodendrons* (Fig. 1) and the *Sigillarias*, gigantic members of the *Lycopod* family, attaining a height of 50 or 60 ft. To-day they survive in the "club-mosses," fragile plants a few inches high, whose spores are so useful in making stage-lightning and in coating pills! Giant *Equisetums*, represented to-day by our "mares-tails," flourished in the shallow waters, while numerous fern-like plants grew on the drier spots, as well as on the trunks of the trees both dead and living, just as certain "epiphytes" do at the present day. Some of the shales and sand-stones lying between the seams of coal are doubtless of estuarine origin; others, apparently, were deposited in a

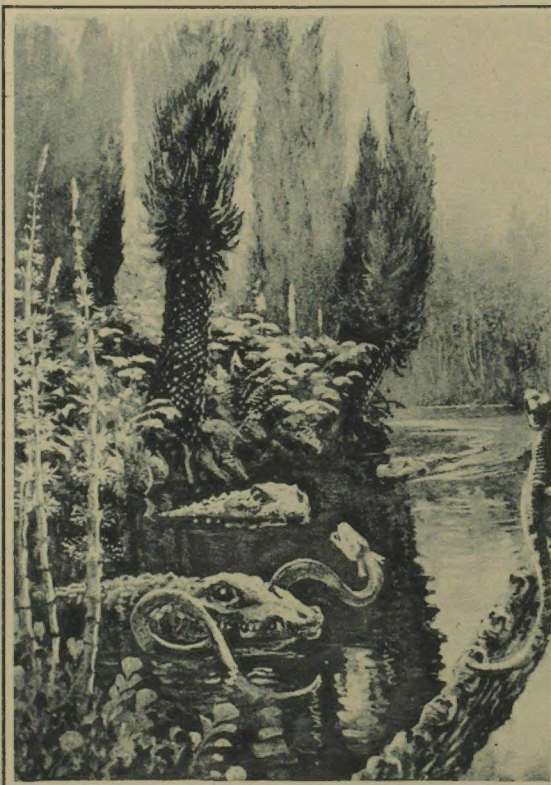


FIG. 3.—THE ORIGINAL SUBSTANCE OF COAL, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: CARBONIFEROUS VEGETATION, WITH CONTEMPORARY ANIMAL LIFE.

The giant club-mosses and ferns were the chief land plants of the Carboniferous Period; the "*Equisetums*" grew out of the shallow water where lived strange newt or salamander-like creatures like *Loxomma*, seen here wrestling with a *Dolichosoma* a yard long. The newt-like *Keraterpeton* is seen on the extreme right.

After Knipe.

lagoon; but some beds are purely marine. This much we can determine by the nature of the fossils they contain.

We know that the drowsy hum of insects must have been heard within these gloomy jungles, because we have the fossilised remains in our museums of dragon-flies, may-flies, stone-flies, white ants, cockroaches, crickets and grasshoppers. Land-snails, some of them closely resembling our woodland genus *Pupa*, have also been found. Marine shells, and fishes which swarmed in the lagoons, have also been preserved, as if for our edification. Crustacea, various types of corals, and echinoderms of genera and species long

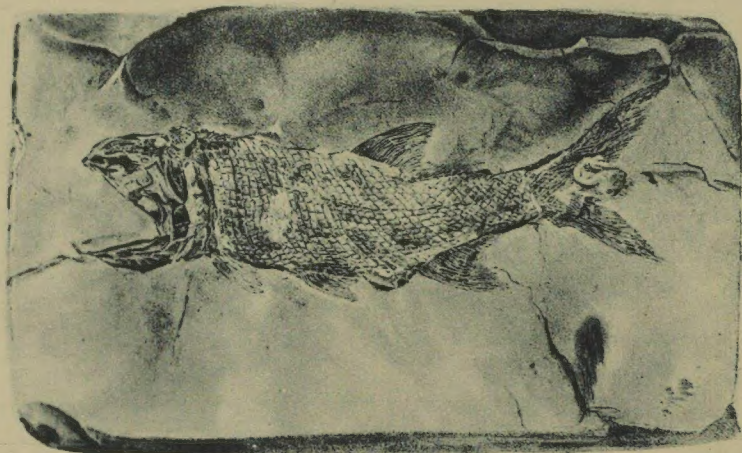


FIG. 2.—FOSSILISED IN COAL: A FISH OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD—THE GANOID, WITH BONY ENAMELLED SCALES.

The scales of the Ganoid fishes formed a mosaic of quadrangular bony plates, glazed with enamel.

since extinct, all furnish us with precious evidence as to the evolution of the types which we know to-day. Of the fishes, many were of the shark tribe; others were of the type known as "Ganoids," whose scales were formed of bone with a glaze of enamel, like those of the *polypterus* and *lepidosteus* of to-day. One of these "Ganoids," *Elonichthys egerioni*, is shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2).

The higher, land-dwelling, lung-breathing vertebrates had only just begun to make an appearance. Some of the most remarkable of these were the strange-looking creatures like *Loxomma* and *Anthracosaurus*, shown in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 3); they may be described as ancestral newts, but vastly larger, and with a bony armature covering their bodies. *Keraterpeton* was still more newt-like; while *Dolichosoma*, seen in the picture writhing in the grip of the jaws of *Loxomma*, is represented to-day by our limbless amphibia, such as *apoda*, for example.

For Nature's investment in club-mosses, millions of years ago, as Huxley whimsically put it, no use was found till the eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which grew the modern steam-engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. Wanting coal, we could not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines, nor have worked them when we got them. Take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men can live where ten thousand are amply supported.

Heat and light, tar, oils, dyes of rare hues, fragrant scents and sweetness, are all extracted from this precious rock. But these, remarks Huxley, are the very matters with which Nature supplied the club-mosses which made the coal. She is paid back, principal and interest, at the same time, and she straightway invests the carbonic acid and the water, and the ammonia which these ancient plants needed for their growth, in new forms of life; feeding with them the plants that now live. Thrifty Nature! Surely no prodigal, but the most careful and provident of house-keepers!



# "MODERN" THOUGH 1000 YEARS OLD: CHINESE SILVER FOR THE NATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CERAMICS AND ETHNOGRAPHY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 948.)



## NINTH-CENTURY CHINESE SILVER WITH "TUDOR" AFFINITIES: BURIAL TROVE FROM SHENSI OF 877 A.D.

These fifteen pieces, just acquired by the British Museum, come from a ninth-century Chinese tomb. The above photographs do not show them throughout in their relative sizes, but their actual sizes are given in the following notes. They are—(1) An oblong quatrefoil cup (5.75 in. long) recalling Tudor design; (2) six-foil goblet 3.5 in. high; (3) oblong quatrefoil dish (4.6 in. long), inscribed with the name of the great officer Wang and the date (877 A.D.); (4) another, 5.15 in. long; (5) parcel-gilt dish (9.4 in. long), showing the sage Chiang Tzu-ya fishing and receiving a summons from the Emperor; (6) pointed quatrefoil dish 8.3 in. long; (7) dish (8.4 in. long) engraved with parrots in foliage; (8) repoussé

box-lid with lions and phoenixes; (9) bowl in form of corn-measure with repoussé wicker-work; (10) silver-gilt vase (7.7 in. high) engraved with the twelve Zodiac creatures; (11) silver-gilt bottle (8.1 in. high) with Chiang Tzu-ya fishing (as in No. 5); (12) parcel-gilt cup (5.4 in. long) with figures of Chu Mai-ch'en as wood-cutter (left) and disputing with his wife (right); (13) parcel-gilt repoussé bowl 6.35 in. in diameter; (14) wine ewer (10 in. high) suggesting Tudor design—the lid secured to the handle by a sliding attachment; (15) six-foil dish (diameter, 7.35 in.), the only piece kept in its original state to show the incrustations (removed from the rest by cleaning). Some further details are given in an article on page 948.



# Lummis in Wonderland: A Book of Marvels.

"THE WONDERLAND OF THE OLD SOUTH-WEST." By CHARLES F. LUMMIS.\*

DESPISING and deriding that "smatter-travel" snobism which leads so many of his fellow citizens to traverse any continent rather than their own, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, rejoicing in his slogan, "See America First," pleads picturesquely and powerfully for recognition of THE SOUTH-WEST, "the million square miles which include New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California, and adjoining parts of Colorado, Utah, Texas, and Northern Mexico."

"Every intelligent youth," he writes, "knows that there are boomerang throwers in Australia; but how many are aware that there are thousands of aborigines in the United States just as expert with the flying club as are the bushmen? All have read of the astounding feats of the jugglers of India; but how many know of the extraordinary jugglers among our own Indians? The curious Passion Play of Oberammergau is in the knowledge of nearly everyone; but relatively few know the startling fact that every year was staged in the United States, until very recently, an infinitely more dramatic Passion Reality—a flesh-and-blood crucifixion—wherein an ignorant fanatic represents in very fact the death of the Saviour. How many Americans would think to say, when some traveler recounted the exploits of the world-famous snake-charmers of the Orient, 'Why, yes, we have tribes of Indians in this country whose trained charmers handle the deadliest snakes with impunity, and with them perform the most extraordinary of ceremonies,' and go on to tell the astonishing rituals of the Moqui Snake-dance? How many realize that we have Indian communities dwelling in huge six-story tenements of their own building, as they did before Columbus was born? How many are aware that the last witch in the United States was not hanged in cruel Old Salem (hanged, please; for the popular tradition that the Puritans burned witches is entirely untrue; they just hanged them), but that there is still within our borders a vast domain wherein witchcraft is as fully believed in as it was in Pilgrim days; and where somebody is executed officially (though secretly) every year for the strange crime of being a witch?'"

And, as if that were not enticing enough, he adds a wealth of chapter-headings and sub-headings calculated to win over even the least curious. See how they trip from the tongue, these purple patchlets that mark his Book of Marvels: "The Grand Cañon of Arizona—God's Masterpiece on Earth—A Cosmic Intaglio"; "The Great American Desert—Death Valley—A Land of Bleaching Bones and Vast Mineral Wealth"; "The Strangest Trap in the World—When Elephants and Mastodons and Giant Tigers Roamed California, and the Death-pit which has Here Preserved their Bones"; "A River Overhead"; "The Oldest Trees in the World—Kaleidoscopic 'Forests' of Adamant—A 'Petrified Bridge' of Agate"; "The Self-Crucifiers"; "The King of Blankets"; "Acoma, the City of the Sky—A Strange Prehistoric Cliff-top Town"; "The Enchanted Mesa—The Story of the Fated Cliff Town, Cut Off from the World by a Cloud-burst"; "The Rivers of Stone"; "The First Americans"; "The First American Sky-scrapers—Prehistoric Castles of the Cliff-dweller Pueblos"; "'Montezuma's' Well and Castle"; "The Blind Hunters—Little Stone Mountain Lions in Place of Hounds for the Chase"; "Doctoring the Year"; "The Dance of the Sacred Bark—Why the Indian Took a Scalp"; "The Praying Smoke"; "Baskets for Every Use, from Cradles to Bridges"; "The Stone Autograph-album"; and so on and so on, with every phrase justified.

Lummis in Wonderland? Yes; but Lummis in a real Wonderland of Things Known. Never did author better support his enthusiasms. All he records he has seen. None can but envy him; even his hero, Mayne Reid, would have yielded him place. As to the ordinary "commuter," he will be as surprised as he will be fascinated.

Sample the "curios" of the store.

First: The Grand Cañon of Arizona, "a crack in the flat roof of the continent . . . into which all the world's famous gorges could be tossed and lost." Charles Dudley Warner wrote of it: "The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own. . . . Some one said that all that was needed to perfect this scene was a Niagara Falls. I thought what figure a fall 150 feet high and 3000 long would make in this arena. It would need a spy-glass to discover it. An adequate Niagara here should be at least three miles in breadth and fall 2000 feet over one of those walls. And the Yosemite—ah! the lovely

Yosemite! Dumped down into this wilderness of gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it." To which Mr. Lummis adds, amongst numerous other notes: "It is a terrific trough, 6000 to 7000 feet deep, ten to fifteen miles wide, more than three hundred miles long, peopled with hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies—yet not one of them with its head so high as your foot upon the rim. . . . It is the supreme example of erosion. The carver is the river . . . the insatiate serpent which has swallowed all these thousands of cubic miles of rock, and spat them forth a thousand miles below into the Gulf of California!"



TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC WITH A CREW OF FOUR TO ATTEND THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION: THE "VIKING" SHIP "LEIF ERIKSON" AT TRONDHJEM.

The "Viking" ship, "Leif Erikson," left Trondhjem on April 30, and on May 17 sailed from Bergen, with a crew of four under Captain Folgerø, to cross the North Sea and the Atlantic to Philadelphia for the World's Exhibition there. The voyage is expected to take from seven to ten weeks.—[Photograph by G. A. Rangul.]

Then the "Sahara" of the United States, fifteen hundred miles of it—"an unconquerable and unendurable desert," now crossable by Pullmans and motor-cars, but full of fearsome memories. Its focus is Death Valley, in Southern California. "On all the globe, there is no spot more forbidding, desolate, deadly. It is a boiled-down epitome

of "live" asphalt covering a few acres, with crude oil bubbling up to its surface. "Of course, it was 'water-proof.' . . . Water that fell into this big bowl stood upon the surface. . . . How dry the region must have become is proved by the multitude of creatures which came to this spot to drink the brackish water—and we know their multitude, because they stayed! . . . Here the Imperial elephant, enormously bigger than the greatest now living, came down to drink, and waded in a little way, and was inextricably 'bogged down.' No quicksand was so merciless. Day by day he sank, imperceptibly, inevitably, trumpeting in rage and terror, thrashing vainly to drag his great feet from out that glue-like brea." As luckless were sabre-toothed tigers—six hundred and thirty, at least, with canine teeth averaging ten inches in length—big wolves of Pleistocene days, mastodons, bisons, horses, camels, giant ground-sloths, antelopes and deer, pumas, the American lions, the jaguar, the extinct California peacock, *teralornis*, the super-condor, the "terror-bird" with a fourteen-foot spread of wing; creatures to the number of some thousands, creatures that perished half-a-million years ago, but have left their bones.

So to "the four-hundred-thousand acre Fossil Forest of Arizona," with its trees of prismatic agates—"not a 'forest' in the ordinary sense of standing groves—not, as that classic Munchausen of the Grand Cañon, Captain John Hance, loved to tell, 'a forest of petrified trees, with petrified birds flying through petrified air, singing petrified songs' . . . rather . . . a great 'bad lands' of sandy valleys and clay mounds and beetling mesas, across which lie sprawled the prostrate and shattered sections of giant trees, and around them a very kaleidoscope of their rainbow agate 'chips'—the most enchanted wood-pile one ever walked about. . . . At one time a company from Sioux Falls undertook sawing sections from these trunks for table-tops, and Tiffany long displayed a magnificent one, thirty-six inches in diameter . . . But this excusable industry was not profitable. To saw such a section wore a six-inch band-saw, running for many days wet 'in diamond-dust, down to a mere thread—and diamond-dust was the only thing that would cut the fossil

woods of Arizona." And to the conifer "Natural Bridge," a trunk transmuted to jasper and agate; the water-built "Mammoth Natural Bridge"; "burnt rivers, which ran as fire and remain as stone," lava-flows; the perpetual snow in the shade of a sink near the Agua Fria crater; that bowl-like crater, almost a mile in diameter and six hundred feet deep, which may have been fashioned by the falling of a meteorite of stupendous size; and the Stone Autograph-album which is the most notable cliff in America—"in a remote corner of western New Mexico . . . beside an ancient and historic trail from the Rio Grande to the strange pyramid pueblo of Zuni. This, as you know, is what is left of the famous 'Seven Cities of Cibola,' whose fabled gold inspired the discovery of New Mexico in 1539." The rock is El Morro, and upon it many an adventurer of old has written with dagger for pen; chief of them all, Juan de Oñate, "that brave soldier and wise first governor in the United States," who recorded his passing-by on the 16th of April, 1605, after his march across the trackless desert from San Gabriel to the Gulf of California and back again, to discover the South Sea that is the Pacific.

There, in truth, is the human touch, and this is always as evident in "The Wonderland of the Old South-West" as is the hand of Nature. Witness Mr. Lummis on the Pueblo Indians, on cave-dwellers and cliff-dwellers, the builders of communal houses, the Moquis who dance with rattlesnakes held between their teeth, the Navajos in mortal dread of the supernatural powers of the bear, those Navajos who are the nomads, the "Arabs," of the New World and the makers of the most remarkable of blankets, fabrics handsomer, more durable, more valuable than any turned out by the costliest of looms; the American Indian in general—and no Indian was ever red: he is brown; on the witch and the wizard, on the conjurer who can raise a thunder-and-lightning storm in a room or "move the sun" in a medicine-lodge, causing a sun to rise on the east of the apartment and describe an arched course until it sets in the west, and there is darkness again.

All of which is to say that our author neither lacks material nor the skill to use it to perfection; and if his countrymen and countrywomen do not see America after this they have no imagination, no appreciation of historic ruins, natural "sights," and peoples who are in the Melting Pot.

E. H. G.



TO COMMEMORATE 12,000 MEN OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE: THE DESIGN BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A., FOR A PROPOSED WAR MEMORIAL ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.—[Photograph by the "Daily Mail."]

of molten sands and blinding heat and the thirst that kills."

Next: "The most wonderful trap in the world," within the city limits of Los Angeles, "a trap which baited itself and preserved its game for hundreds of thousands of years—and is still catching!" On the Rancho la Brea was a pit

\* "The Wonderland of the Old South-West (Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo)." By Charles F. Lummis. Illustrated with nearly 100 Rare Photographs. (Geo. Allen and Unwin; 18s. net.)



# IN A SETTING THAT SUGGESTS DRY LAND: CHURCH RITES AT SEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. TESTA, GENOA. BY COURTESY OF THE NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA.



AS LARGE  
AS A CHURCH,  
AND JUST LIKE  
THE INTERIOR  
OF A  
BUILDING ON  
SHORE:  
THE FIRST-CLASS  
SALOON OF  
A GREAT  
ITALIAN LINER,  
THE  
'GIULIO CESARE,'  
DURING A  
CELEBRATION  
OF MASS.



IN AN  
APARTMENT  
THAT SUGGESTS  
THE HALL OF  
A GREAT  
HOUSE RATHER  
THAN THE  
INSIDES OF A  
SHIP:  
THE CHRISTENING  
OF A BABY  
BORN AT SEA,  
IN THE  
FIRST-CLASS  
SALOON OF THE  
ITALIAN LINER,  
'GIULIO  
CESARE.'

The great modern liner of to-day has often been called a "floating palace," for the spaciousness and the architectural character of its luxurious saloons present the appearance of some palatial building on shore rather than the interior of a ship. The photographs reproduced above rather suggest that it might not be inappropriate, on occasion, to call a liner a "floating church." They were taken on board the "Giulio Cesare," one of the fine ships of the famous Italian Shipping

Company, the Navigazione Generale Italiana, of Genoa. The congregations attending both the celebration of Mass and a baptism held at sea, in the first-class saloon, are equal in point of numbers to those of many a large church ashore. The furniture and decorations, which are not, of course, ecclesiastical, suggest that the ceremonies are taking place in the hall of some private mansion on land, rather than on board a vessel on the high seas.



# CHINA'S YOUNG EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN EXILE AT TIENTSIN.

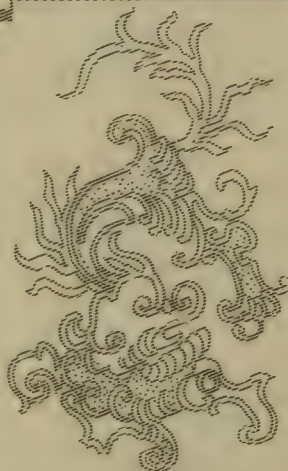
PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY THE KODAK SHOP, TIENTSIN; NOS. 2 AND 3 BY MR. R. F. JOHNSTON, THE EMPEROR'S ENGLISH TUTOR; NO. 4 REPRODUCED FROM "AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY," BY MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE, BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.



1. AT THE TIENTSIN RACES: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE EMPEROR, MR. R. F. JOHNSTON (HIS ENGLISH TUTOR), AND GENERAL SUTTON.



2. IN A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL FAMILY: THE YOUNG EX-EMPEROR (ON THE LEFT) IN CHINESE COSTUME IN THE GROUNDS OF HIS HOUSE AT TIENTSIN.



3. IN THE GARDEN OF THE EX-EMPEROR'S HOUSE AT TIENTSIN: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF CHINESE ROCK-WORK, WITH STONE LIONS AND OTHER ORNAMENTAL STATUARY.



4. "A CLEVER, BRIGHT LITTLE PERSON": THE YOUNG MANCHU EMPRESS OF CHINA IN EXILE—A PORTRAIT TAKEN LAST JULY.

In view of current events in China, these recent photographs of the exiled Emperor and Empress, and their residence at Tientsin, are of remarkable interest. The young Emperor, who was born in 1906, succeeded his uncle, Kuang-Hsu, as an infant of two under the name of Hsuan Tung. When China became a Republic in 1912, he abdicated, but retained the imperial title, and continued to live in the palace of the Forbidden City at Peking. For some years the relations between the Manchü Court and the Republican Government were excellent. In October 1922, the Emperor, then only sixteen, was betrothed to the daughter

of Jung Yuan, a Manchu noble, and the wedding was celebrated on December 1 of that year. In November 1924, the ex-Emperor was expelled from the Forbidden City, Peking, by "the Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, and thereafter lived for some days in the mansion of his father, Prince Ch'un, ex-Regent, where he was kept under close guard as a State prisoner. The arrival of Marshal Chang Tso-lin in the capital resulted in a temporary withdrawal of the guard posted at the house by Feng Yu-hsiang, and his English tutor, Mr. R. F. Johnston, took advantage of this occurrence to bring the ex-Emperor into safety in the

(Continued opposite.)



## THE EXILED EMPEROR AT TIENTSIN: HIS RESIDENCE AND *ENTOURAGE*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. F. JOHNSTON, THE EMPEROR'S ENGLISH TUTOR.



WHERE THE EX-EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF CHINA HAVE BEEN LIVING RECENTLY: CHANG YUAN, THE EMPEROR'S RESIDENCE IN THE JAPANESE CONCESSION AT TIENTSIN, WHITHER HE REMOVED SECRETLY FROM PEKING IN THE SPRING OF 1925.



AT THE EX-EMPEROR'S RESIDENCE IN TIENTSIN: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHEN PAO CHEN, IMPERIAL TUTOR AND GRAND GUARDIAN; THE EMPEROR; A JAPANESE VISITOR; AND MR. HU SHIH-YUAN, AN OFFICER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

*Continued.*  
Legation Quarter. He lived for several months in the Japanese Legation, where he was treated as an honoured guest by Mr. Yoshigawa, the Japanese Minister. In the spring of 1925 he went secretly to Tientsin by train—travelling as an ordinary citizen—and took up his residence in the Japanese Concession, at the house of General Chang Piao, a Chinese officer who had fought on the side of the Throne during the early days of the Revolution of 1911. Mr. Johnston's photographs of the Emperor's wedding, at which he was the only European guest present, appeared in our issue of January 27, 1923. Later incidents in the

Emperor's career were illustrated in our numbers for November 15, 1924, and April 11, 1925. A very interesting account of a visit to the young Emperor and Empress at Tientsin, last July, is given by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie in her recent book, "An Adventurous Journey" (Hutchinson), from which we reproduce the portrait which the Empress had specially taken for her. Mrs. Alec-Tweedie describes her as "a clever, bright little person," and adds: "She might reign with distinction. Perhaps she may be called upon to do so. Who knows?" The Emperor expressed a desire to visit England.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## "LOOSE ENDS" AND THE LAW.—FRANCES CARSON.—DAWSON MILWARD.

IN Dion Titheradge's remarkable play, "Loose Ends," a great success at the Duke of York's which I have seen twice with unflagging interest, there arises a moot point of law overlooked by the general public and the critics. Most of my colleagues have passed strictures on the character of the journalist who "sells" the hero and his past for copy. And the almost unanimous opinion is that people don't

Now, assuming that the hero of the play and all those connected with him were unfamiliar with this possibility, is it believable that a daily newspaper would be so ignorant of the law as to publish the matter referred to at the risk of a criminal prosecution and its aftermath? The answer is obvious, and thereby hangs a tale: what would Mr. Titheradge have done, if he had known the law and remained strictly true to reality, to arrive at the solution of his play? For the whole conflict, the whole tension of the splendid second act, hinges on the revelation of the hero's past. It is not for me to unravel the knot. I only refer to it as a peculiar and untoward object lesson of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," and the difference between plausibility on the stage, accepted by one and all without a murmur, and the realities of life that would destroy it at one fell swoop.

It was in a play called "Glamour" that Frances Carson—with a fine American record to her credit for her young years—made her first impression on the London stage. Of the play I remember but little; which is not a reflection, but an apology. For the critic who goes two hundred times and more per annum to the theatre has great difficulty in sifting his recollections. But in the haze of three years I still behold a comely, *petite*, sympathetic figure, with a great expression of tenderness in her eyes and a strange attractive "click" of feeling in her voice. Since then she has appeared in other parts, but none of them gave her an opportunity to improve on that primordial reminiscence. She is one of those artists ever efficient, who make the best of every part, but, unless there is inwardness in the character, her finest qualities remain repressed. Then came Andreyev's "Katerina," and with it the revelation of Frances Carson. From the first moment when the panic-stricken wife, escaping from the jealous husband's revolver shot, rushed on the stage, she gripped the audience. We saw, as it were, in her mien the transformation of a soul. A woman had awakened to disillusion. She had been outraged in her inmost feelings—her love, her fealty, her honour. She had given it all to him, and he, on a mere suspicion, had squandered these treasures. She knew then that to him they meant nothing, that hers had been a union of the senses, not of the heart. The result was a complete demoralisation. What was the meaning of virtue without appreciation? What of love unrequited? And in her unspeakable disenchantment, the true woman in her became rudderless. Irresponsibility usurped the place of reason. Branded as a harlot, a harlot she would be. The first man across her path, unworthy though he might be, would mean solace and appeasement.

So she threw herself into the maelstrom—purblindly, regardless of the morrow; a tragic wanderer in an aimless existence; a living automaton ever followed by the greed of men, surrendering willy-nilly to their overtures, careless of her destiny; infinitely pathetic in her beauty, in her abandonment, in her detachment from reality. And over all this picture of drabness and sadness there lay a strange pall veiling the flickerings of a former existence—a lovable loving woman immolated in wantonness.

Thus Frances Carson conceived Katerina, and in the thought and the subtlety of execution, the restraint from all that is artificial, she appealed to our emotions as well as our intellect in the magic power of the artist good and true.

An officer's son, Dawson Milward was the incarnation of "an officer and a gentleman" on the stage and off. He was dignified; he held himself erect even in scenes of passion; he could convey feeling with reined-in emotion; he was the pink of neatness and urbanity. To women he was ever full of grace and attraction, with a winsome smile; to men he displayed an almost imperturbable placidity with a slight air of condescension. Impressive he was, too: he knew how to sound the paternal note when he had to deal with a wayward son; he tempered his wrath when flouting a straying wife. As a stage-lover he was more protective than expansive—he made us feel that any girl or woman was safe in his keeping. Outwardly he was always self-possessed, but in reality he was a very shy and nervous artist, never wholly sure of himself despite his assurance, never wholly satisfied with his own achievement. A delightful fellow worker, as serene at rehearsal as he was in the fray of the performance, he was revered by the young, beloved by his peers and elders. One could say of him that the whole man was expressed in his countenance and his deportment. He had played an endless coil of parts, and hardly a failure broke his long line of success. As I write I visualise him as the General in the famous club-scene in "Loyalties"—typically representative of the aristocracy and dignity of the nation, a dominating figure pouring the oil of tact and discretion on turbulent waters. No one but an Englishman could have invested the part with such august distinction, and Dawson Milward was English to the core in the truest sense of the word.



A TENOR WHO HAS SUNG MAGNIFICENTLY IN WAGNERIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN THIS SEASON: HERR LAURITZ MELCHIOR AS SIEGMUND IN "DIE WALKÜRE."

Both as Siegmund in "Die Walküre" on May 14, and in the title-rôle of "Siegfried" on the 17th, Herr Lauritz Melchior sang magnificently, and showed a dramatic power that is comparatively rare in tenors.

do such things. Upon this I join issue. Such omnivorous, relentless journalists are certainly the exception, but greed for a "stunt" leads to rare outrages on human feelings. I well remember a case, some years ago, in which the heartlessness of a Pressman seeking an interview with a bereaved woman makes the brutality of the Pressman in "Loose Ends" merely child's play. But his case, apart from ethical considerations, has an aspect which the author has forgotten, and that is the possible legal aftermath of his discreditable action. In the play, the hero, as well as his wife, who became compromised by the revelation of his fifteen years in prison for a *crime passionnel*, meekly submits to the threat of publication and to the subsequent fact. In ordinary life everybody in the *entourage* would have known that to publish a past when it is purged is a libel of a very serious character. True, in a civil prosecution the offender could have pleaded "truth," and then it would depend on the jury whether there would be damages or acquittal. But in a case of such gravity the libelled person has a more powerful weapon against his assailant, and that is the criminal law, which, to put it tersely, forbids the revelation of the past when the sentence has been served and the ex-prisoner is reinstated socially on the same basis as a person who has obtained the King's pardon. In other words, the past is obliterated, and whoever refers to it, unless for reasons of "public utility," does so at his peril. All the injured party has to do is to lay an information or to submit his case to the Public Prosecutor, who may or may not take the matter up at the expense of the public purse.



"A BEAST, BUT A COMIC BEAST": M. CHALIAPIN, AS DON BASILIO IN "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE," INTERPRETS THE PART UNCONVENTIONALLY.

In "The Barber of Seville," which it was arranged to give at Covent Garden on May 28, M. Chaliapin, the great Russian ~~singer~~, makes Don Basilio dirty, unkempt, and boisterous. "Don Basilio," he says, "is not like a modern priest, clean and well groomed. He is a beast, and that is what I make him, but he is a comic beast." This recalls the Rugby boy's description of Dr. Temple as "a beast, but a just beast." In this number we give a full-page portrait of M. Chaliapin as Mefistofele in Boito's opera, and an article about him on page 948.



# CHALIAPIN'S GREAT RÔLE AT COVENT GARDEN: MEFISTOFELE.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 948.)



THE GREAT RUSSIAN ~~BARBER~~ IN HIS MOST STRIKING OPERATIC PART: M. FEODOR CHALIAPIN IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF BOÏTO'S "MEFISTOFELE," RECENTLY ANNOUNCED FOR PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.

M. Feodor Chaliapin, the world-famous Russian ~~barber~~, arranged to make his first appearance this season at Covent Garden, on May 25, as Mefistofele, in the opera of that name by the Italian composer, the late Signor Arrigo Boïto. It was in this rôle (as described by M. Nabokoff in his article on page 948 of this number) that Chaliapin first won fame outside Russia, when he appeared in it at La Scala, Milan, on the first production of the opera some twenty-eight years ago. Although vocally the part of Mefistofele does

not afford him the best scope for his powers, he finds in it an opportunity for an artistic creation of great variety and dramatic effect. Elsewhere (on page 924) we give another portrait of M. Chaliapin as Don Basilio in "The Barber of Seville," in which he arranged to appear at Covent Garden on May 28. After this season of opera at Covent Garden, it may be mentioned, London will not hear him for two years, as he has planned a tour to Australia and the United States.



## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

### IV.—THE TRADE OF THE WEAVER.

By Sir William Bragg, K.B.E., F.R.S., M.A., D.Sc., Director of the Royal Institution, Fullerian Professor of Chemistry there, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.



IT is very interesting that in making clothes for ourselves and

coverings of various kinds we still use, for the most part, the same materials as were used long ago. Wool and cotton, flax and silk, have been known for thousands of years; the so-called artificial silk is our one novelty. Further, the methods of spinning and of weaving them into fabrics are essentially the same as in ancient times. It is only the scale of the work that has changed; great machines do that which was once done by human hands, and is still so done in many parts of the world. Each movement of the hands of the spinner and the weaver has its counterpart in the modern mill. This has to be so because the fibre is really a very complicated affair in itself, with special characteristics that demand special treatment—a treatment which is necessarily the same whether it is applied by hand or by machine.

Now, the skill acquired by the spinner and by the weaver is amazing. One cannot look into the structure of a product such as an old hand-woven Paisley shawl, in which the fine silks are interlaced into a most complicated and delicate pattern, without a feeling of wonder. Think of the fineness of touch of the Indian cotton-spinner who could, so it is said, produce from a pound of cotton a thread 250 miles long. Machinery is hard put to it to reproduce such work; its special value is that it can go a long way towards doing so, and by its power of multiplication it enables an immense number of people to enjoy beautiful things. If no good work could be done except by hand, the average share would be very small indeed.

Let us watch someone setting out to spin a woollen thread in the old way. We may suppose that he has cleaned and washed his wool, and has come to the stage of arranging its fibres for spinning; he is now to "card" his wool. He has two small boards, each covered on one side with bent hooks, as the top centre figure shows. He puts a little wool on to one of his boards and pulls the other across it in such a way that the two sets of hooks pass through each other, pointing opposite ways as they do so. This operation repeated a few times "combs" the wool. The fibres are now, after a few repetitions, laid side by side. They can be made to lie wholly on one carder by reversing the direction in which one carder passes the other; the hooks on the two sets point the same way, and the set that is moving faster in that direction takes all the wool. By a few repeated operations of this sort the wool can be arranged in a roll-shaped, very light pad called "sliver." The fibres are now well separated from one another, and uniformly distributed through the mass. When a sufficient quantity of sliver has been prepared, the spinner takes his spindle and distaff.

The spindle is just a rounded slip of wood with a little bob of clay or wood or metal to which spinning energy can be given. At one end is a notch to help in fastening down the first fibres to be spun. The spindle is set into quick motion by the action of the hand, or by rubbing between hand and thigh, as the Italian peasants do. Wool is fed into the twisting thread from the loose mass, already cleansed and combed, on the distaff, and the thread grows in length. The first question one would ask is fundamental: How do the fibres hold together, and in what way does the spinning help them to cling? If the natural fibres are examined under the microscope, it is found that they all show irregularities. The wool

fibres have scales, flax fibres have knots like a bamboo, cotton fibres have many kinks and twists. If they are pressed tightly together, friction and irregularities of surface keep them from slipping past each other. The twist of the thread gives the requisite pressure.

There is also a very interesting compensating effect which has to be borne in mind, an effect which is essential to the spinning process. Suppose that the hands draw out a little sliver, to be fed into the thread. There must be one point in it which is weaker than the rest and will give way if the hands draw out the wool too much; as it begins to give, a neck is formed at that point. But if twist is being given to

there; then the operation goes on as before. The spinning-wheel is more elaborate than the simple spindle, but in one of its methods of use it goes through exactly the same simple operations. The spindle is made to revolve rapidly by the driving band that links it to the wheel. The spinner holds his thread more or less in the direction of the axis of the spindle, and spins as before. When he has done a convenient length he changes the position of his hand so that the thread is perpendicular to the wheel, and as the spindle turns it winds on the thread.

The other method of using the wheel is more ingenious and elaborate, for it spins and winds at the same time. For this purpose the "flier" is introduced—the top left-hand illustration must be left to explain its action. It is like a mechanical hand, which runs round and round the spindle winding the spun thread on it; and it carries little hooks over which the thread slips just as it would slip through fingers and thumb of the hand. It has to revolve a little faster than the spindle. If it revolved at the same rate, there would be no winding, of course; but there would be a maximum of twisting. If the flier went much faster than the spindle there would be too much winding and too little spinning. So flier and spindle are driven at different rates. In this process spinning and winding go on together without alternation.

If we understand these simple methods and machines which have been developed in the course of the ages, we can equally understand the essentials of a modern spinning-mill. We may at first be appalled by the multiplicity and complexity of the whirring machinery, but we must soon realise that what we see is an attempt—and a very successful attempt—to replace the intelligent hands of the spinner by the action of wheels and rollers and guides, and to multiply the spinner's simple tools. We see thousands of spindles in rows on each side of us: each is, after all, one spinning-wheel.

The wool or cotton seems at first to be going through many more processes than when it is treated by hand; but this is only because more and shorter

steps are taken to reach the same end. The washing and cleaning are done by a succession of machines. The simple carders are replaced by a huge affair with many great, hook-studded rollers, which comb the fibres and pass them from one to another, finally delivering an even flow of sliver at the far end of the machine. In the old style of spinning there is a simple action of the hands which takes the wool from the distaff, and draws it out to a suitable extent before passing it on to the thread. This action finds its counterpart in the sets of rollers through which sliver is passed in succession, each pair moving a little faster than the pair before. Thus the loose sliver is drawn out uniformly and without break; sometimes several slivers are drawn and joined together, so as to make the combined sliver more uniform. The first use of this roller system was a really important event in the development of spinning machinery in the last century. The two uses of the spinning-wheel each find their enlargement in the mill. The "mule," one of the most fascinating machines to watch, draws

a certain length of slightly spun sliver, or rather, does this operation in hundreds at a time; and it then retires gently, spinning it as it goes, and easing the strain when necessary. When the right amount of twist has been put into the yarn, the

[Continued on page 946.]

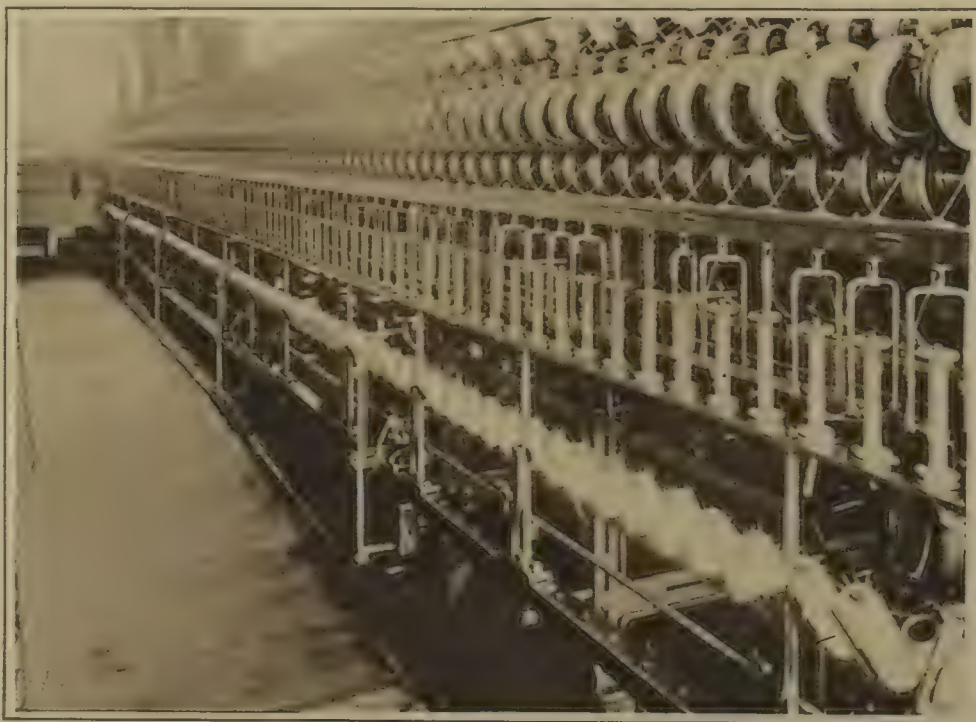
strong enough to exhibit the desired colour. A pretty kind of artificial stuff I have seen, looking almost like transparent Parchment, Horn, or ling-glass, and perhaps some such thing it may be made of, which being transparent, and of a glutinous nature, and easily mollified by keeping in water, as I found upon trial, had imbibed, and did remain tinged with a great variety of very vivid colours, and to the naked eye, it look'd very like the substance of the Silk. And I have often thought, that probably there might be a way found out, to make an artificial glutinous composition, much resembling, if not full as good, nay better, than that Excrement, or whatever other substance it be out of which, the Silk-worm wire-draws his clew. If such a composition were found, it were certainly an easy matter to find very quick ways of drawing it out into small wires for use. I need not mention the use of such an Invention, nor the benefit that is likely to accrue to the finder, they being sufficiently obvious. This hint therefore, may, I hope, give some ingenious inquisitive Person an occasion of making some trials, which if successful, I have my aim, and I suppose he will have no occasion to be displeased.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ANTICIPATION OF ARTIFICIAL SILK: AN EXTRACT FROM ROBERT HOOKE'S "MICROGRAPHIA" (1667) OFFERING THE IDEA TO SOME INGENIOUS PERSON.

This remarkably interesting anticipation of artificial silk occurs in "Micrographia," one of many publications by that versatile experimental philosopher, Robert Hooke (1635-1703), a contemporary and rival of Newton. Hooke was secretary to the Royal Society, and the range of his theories and inventions covered many branches of scientific research.

Photograph supplied by Sir William Bragg.

the thread, the thin part takes up more of the twist than the rest; and, as the fibres there are drawn more closely together, they cling to each other more firmly. In the end the thin part becomes stronger than the thick, and so some other part next takes the draw until it also is strengthened by twist. The point is



SHOWING CLEARLY THAT IT IS A MULTIPLICATION OF THE OLD IDEA OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL: A GREAT SPINNING-MACHINE AS FOUND IN A MODERN MILL.

Photograph supplied by Sir William Bragg.

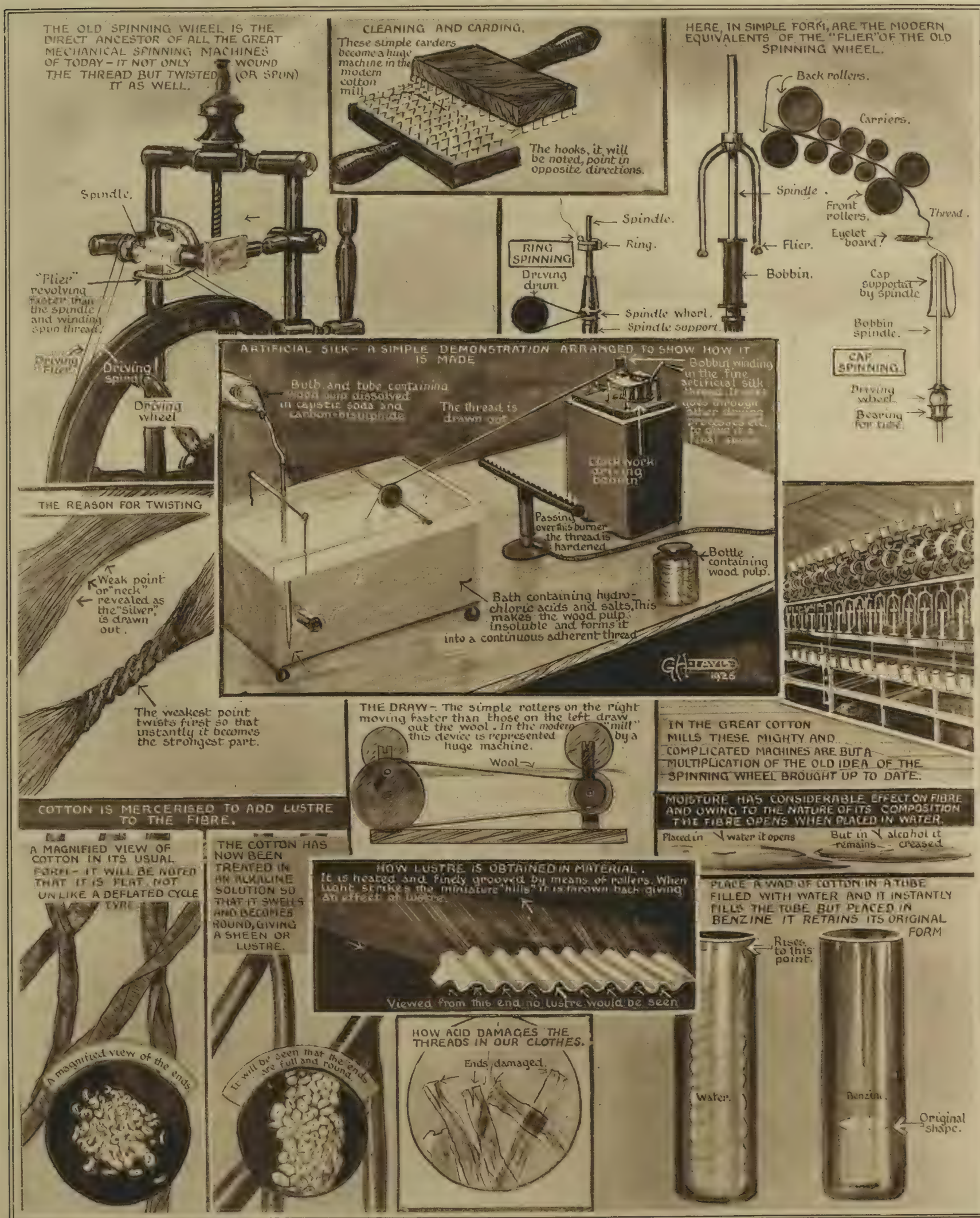
illustrated on the left-hand side of the illustration on the opposite page.

When the spinner has completed a certain length, feeding in wool as required, the portion which is finished is wound on to the spindle and fastened



## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE: WEAVING AND SPINNING.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., F.R.S., ETC., IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS ARTICLE. (COPYRIGHTED.)





## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the after-glow of a national crisis the eye turns inevitably to the political horizon, and even in reviewing a literary study of a poet's life and work I find myself looking first for anything that points, however remotely, to the dawn of new social ideas, whether in the present or the past. Mr. Harold Nicolson's new volume, "SWINBURNE," in the English Men of Letters series (Macmillan; 5s. net), offers only one link with politics, in the poet's passionate worship of liberty. Swinburne, perhaps, had no very practical notion of what he really meant by liberty, for most of his ideas about life were taken, like Tomlinson's God, from "a printed book." Yet, in the opinion of his latest critic, love of freedom formed that "central core" of thought and principle which others find wanting in his composition.

"For him," writes Mr. Nicolson, in a passage typical of the sound judgment and felicity of phrase that mark this excellent appreciation, "Liberty was a religion; . . . The defiance which is implicit in 'Poems and Ballads' is to no slight extent to be explained as a gesture of liberation: the choruses of 'Atalanta' echo the same unflinching struggle; but it is in the more abstract poems of 'Songs Before Sunrise' that the accumulated energy of these passions shoots up in a steaming fountain of volcanic intensity."

Recent events lead me to ask how far we can apply to Swinburne's outpourings the dictum of another poet—

He that roars for liberty  
Faster binds a tyrant's power;  
And the tyrant's cruel glee  
Forces on the freer hour.

That revolt against authority and convention, for which Swinburne blew the poetic bugles, may be held to have bound faster the tyranny of Bolshevism, whose "cruel glee," manifested abroad, has forced on the freer hour in this more humane and reasonable land.

Swinburne's rebellion helped to destroy many stupid pruderies and hypocrisies, and he gave us much exquisite verbal music, but the moral effect of his verse was seductive and enervating.

"What he loved," says Mr. Nicolson, "was revolt only for the sake of revolt. And then in the end came Watts-Dunton and Putney, and the fine fire of mutiny was dimmed to a little lambent flame of wistfulness."

During the Putney period, some time in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties, I often passed Swinburne on Putney Hill, out for his morning constitutional. He was an odd little figure, and I regarded him more in curiosity than awe, being then but a hobbled boy from school, not yet fallen under the spell of "Ilicet" or "The Garden of Proserpine." Echoes of the Swinburne music, however, were beating in my brain when, some twenty years later, for journalistic purposes, I called at No. 2, The Pines, Putney, a few hours after his death.

One of our younger living poets has written a companion volume of equally admirable criticism on the author of "Typee" and "Omoo," whom he calls "the most powerful of the great American writers." The inclusion of "HERMAN MELVILLE," by John Freeman (Macmillan; 5s. net), among English Men of Letters, is notable evidence that in this series, which already contains "HAWTHORNE," by Henry James, and is about to contain "WALT WHITMAN," by John Bailey, the word "English" is used in the sense of "English-speaking," as in the familiar inscription on Bush House in Aldwych.

I have enjoyed Mr. Freeman's book as much as Mr. Nicolson's, but with a difference. There is a contrast of style and temperament, both in critic and subject; for, while Mr. Nicolson analyses his poet with a satirist's incisive wit, Mr. Freeman interprets his prose-romancer in a vein of poetic gravity, appropriate to the sombre and mystical cast of Melville's personality. He is ranked with Defoe and Borrow, and set in his true relation to Marryat and Stevenson in the literature of seafaring and the Pacific. His masterpiece Mr. Freeman finds in "Moby Dick," that epic of whale-hunting, with its Miltonic conflict between man and Leviathan. The monster of the story, it appears, had an original in fact, a famous whale of the 'forties and 'fifties named Mocha Dick, from the island of Mocha off Chile. I am interested to see that my friend Mr. R. S. Garnett has recently added to the history of this redoubtable cetacean by discovering a forgotten record in the British Museum.

The scientific, as distinct from the romantic, side of Pacific voyaging appears in "SEA-GIRT JUNGLES": The Experiences of a Naturalist with the "St. George" Expedition. By C. L. Collett, F.E.S. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s. net). The author's particular work was the study of butterflies, moths, and beetles, but he also assisted his seven colleagues in other branches of science. By

deliberately avoiding that process of "touching-up" which converts ordinary incidents into "adventures," his plain narrative acquires the force of actuality. Occasionally he was on Melville's own ground, as in the island of Nuka Hiva, in the Marquesas, where in the Typee Valley the dominant influence was a small sand-fly called the "nono," whose irritating bites made the human face resemble "an underdone plum pudding." He found the valley depressing also "by reason of the contrast between its meagre present-day population—a prey to elephantiasis . . . with the populous and happy times of the eighteen-forties as depicted by Melville."

Mr. Collett, like Melville, prefers the native Polynesian uncontaminated by "civilisation." Describing the simple life of a small island community, he writes: "Who shall say that they are less well off than their enlightened brethren in Europe, who, with their wars and modern inventions, struggle constantly after ideals which but few of them ever attain?" I find a parallel passage in Mr. Freeman's book, regarding Melville's indictment, in "Typee," of the corruption of innocent natives by civilised vices. "He looks at the Marquesans, and challenges

in reserve, but refrained from

drawing on the paternal purse, preferring to work his way, by sea and land, starting with the proceeds of sale of his college furniture, and adding to his resources, now and then, by occasional journalism. Yet at the end he admits that, "be it ever so luxurious, there is no place like home."

Among countless minor exploits, Mr. Halliburton tells how he climbed the Matterhorn, crossed the Pyrenees, "invaded" the remote little republic of Andorra, fell in love with Spain, ascended the Great Pyramid, swam the Nile at Luxor, drifted over to India and Kashmir and through the Khyber Pass, bathed by moonlight in the pool by the Taj Mahal, saw the wonders of Angkor, played stowaway, was on a ship looted by Chinese pirates, saw the Boy Emperor of China's wedding procession at Peking (the date was Dec. 1, 1922), and crowned all by a solitary climb of Fujiyama in winter, a feat that aroused editorial scepticism in Tokyo until authenticated by photographs.

Such a record does put a certain strain on one's credulity; but I am one of those who believe that, with youth, all things are possible. In fact, I can even "cap" one of Mr. Halliburton's lesser adventures—his bathe in Lac Lemman beneath the walls of Chillon, the castle which inspired a greater than Swinburne to sing in praise of Liberty. Nor was it from a cove on the shore that I enjoyed my dip. May I be forgiven if I quote some unpublished doggerel, perpetrated many years ago, wherein this memorable occasion is described?

When I think of Vevey, I chiefly recall  
How we plunged, Max and I, clad in nothing at all,  
Into fair Lac Lemman's bosom blue,  
One morning early: rowed out—we two—  
A respectable distance from the land,  
And bathed from our boat. . . .

In other respects, however, we were somewhat less valorous than Mr. Halliburton, for in the same scripture it is recorded—

But the top of the Matterhorn Max and I  
Decided some other time to try.

Bathing at another romantic spot, a secluded beach near Analipsis in Corfu, is one of many delightful experiences described in "ISLES OF GREECE," by Anthony Dell; with a map and illustrations from photographs by the author and M. Roger Dell (Geoffrey Bles; 30s. net). This picturesque modern Odyssey, by yacht and steamer, through the storied Ægean, provides an ideal background for the study of the poets, from Homer to Rupert Brooke. I was prepared for free quotation from Byron and Swinburne and other lovers of the legend-haunted archipelago

Where burning Sappho loved and sang,

and of the islands associated with the "Argo's" voyage in quest of the Golden Fleece—

Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened  
the straits of Propontis with spray.

Mr. Dell, however, leaves poetry severely alone, though he retails much classical history and mythology connected with the places he visited. Among them, for example, is the scene of Sappho's suicidal leap, and that of "Atalanta in Calydon." More attractive to the modern reader, probably, are his vivid word-pictures of the Greek islands as they appear to-day, with the life and manners of their people, especially seafaring folk, and his observations of birds, animals, and plants. In all externals—printing, paper, binding—the book is beautifully produced, and I have seldom seen, as book illustrations, such charmingly artistic topographical photographs.

My tale of books this week, I fear, falls short of the allotted task, and "Owing to the strike" is wearing thin as a plea for procrastination. Still, I must reserve for some normal to-morrow several works already mentioned in a previous number, besides others more recently to hand. These include "INDEPENDENCE DAY," by Philip Guedalla (Murray; 12s. net); "THE EDUCATION OF INDIA," by Arthur Mayhew (Faber and Gwyer; 10s. 6d. net); "THE ROMANTIC DIPLOMAT," by Maurice Paléologue (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d. net); "THE STORY OF OLD WAIRAO," by Thomas Lambert (Coulls Somerville Wilkie, Dunedin, New Zealand); three notable volumes of reminiscence, "MILESTONES," by the Marquis of Huntly (Hutchinson; 24s. net); "NAVAL MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS," by Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall (Hutchinson; 21s. net); and Miss Viola Tree's "CASTLES IN THE AIR" (Hogarth Press; 18s. net); with a book of kindred interest, "THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE, 1925," by James Agate (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net), a collection of dramatic criticisms. Mountains of labour rise before me. When, I wonder, will there be a strike of reviewers? C. E. B.



A ROYAL ACADEMY SCULPTURE EXHIBIT BOUGHT BY THE QUEEN: "THE MADONNA OF THE LILY"—A BRONZE GROUP BY ALLAN HOWES.

Besides this beautiful bronze group, which has been purchased by her Majesty, Mr. Allan Howes is also represented in the sculpture department of the Royal Academy this year by a head of the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.

the alien morals and manners that steal into the midst of them like a fever; and, turning his eyes abroad, he says the fiend-like skill of our wars is enough to distinguish the civilised white as the most ferocious animal on the face of the earth."

I daresay the young American author of "THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE," by Richard Halliburton; with numerous illustrations (Geoffrey Bles; 16s. net), would confess to a certain amount of "touching-up." Be that as it may, the bare outline of his uncondemned "grand tour" is sufficiently adventurous, and his ebullient zest makes for rare entertainment. His book is a lively addition to the new literature of reminiscent youth, inaugurated in England by Mr. Beverley Nichols with his "Twenty-Five"; but Mr. Halliburton outdoes him both in juvenility (writing at twenty-one, as a new-fledged graduate of Princeton University) and in the extent and variety of his travels. He is less addicted than Mr. Nichols to irreverent criticism of the older generation; his quest was rather for romance and new sensation and the fulfilment of youth's glorious dreams. He had a rich father



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF A GRAVE CRISIS: STRIKING COAL-MINERS AT PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.P., BARRATT, AND TOPICAL.



AN UNUSUAL TASK FOR A PIT PONY: PREPARING A CRICKET PITCH AT SEGhill COLLIERY, NORTHUMBERLAND.



MAKING THE MOST OF LEISURE CAUSED BY THE COAL STRIKE: MINERS PLAYING CRICKET AT SEGhill COLLIERY.



WHILE WORK IS AT A STANDSTILL: MINERS FISHING AT MOUNTAIN ASH, GLAMORGANSHIRE, DURING THE STRIKE.



AT ONE OF THEIR FAVOURITE SPORTS: MINERS STARTING WHIPPETS IN A RACE AT ANNITSFORD, NEAR NEWCASTLE.



PLAYING FOR A JOINT OF BEEF GIVEN BY A LOCAL TRADESMAN, AND FOR OTHER PRIZES: A QUILTS HANDICAP FOR MINERS AT AMBLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE QUILTS HANDICAP AT AMBLE: THE REFEREE JUDGING THE POSITION OF QUILTS TO DECIDE A POINT.

At the moment of writing, there seems very little chance of an early settlement of the coal strike, but the mining districts are quiet, and the miners themselves are making the most of their workless days by indulging in various sports and pastimes. Meanwhile, Mr. Baldwin has censured both the coal-owners and the miners for refusing to accept his plan for a settlement. He has regretted the owners' "uncompromising attitude," and repeated that the mining industry has

always shown its incapacity to settle its disputes for itself. He has also charged the owners with an inadequate appreciation of the nature of his wages proposal and of the seriousness of the situation. As to the miners, he has informed them that he cannot see that any good end will be served by his meeting them while their present attitude is maintained, and he has warned them that the offer of a further £3,000,000 subsidy cannot remain open after May 31.



# THE DERBY: FANCIED CANDIDATES FOR NEXT WEEK'S GREAT RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCE, L.N.A., AND S. AND G.



LORD ASTOR'S CANDIDATE: SWIFT AND SURE;  
BY SWYNFORD OUT OF GOOD AND GAY.



MR. J. P. HORNUNG'S COLT: APPLE SAMMY; BY  
POMMERN OUT OF LADY PHOEBE—WITH JELLISS UP.



MR. A. F. BASSETT'S COLT: ROSEHEARTY; BY STEFAN  
THE GREAT OUT OF LA FRANCE—WITH BEASLEY UP.



SECOND FAVOURITE IN THE ANTE-POST BETTING: LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S CORONACH;  
BY HURRY ON OUT OF WET KISS—WITH CHILDS UP.



SIR ABE BAILEY'S CANDIDATE: LEX; BY LEMBERG OUT OF EXCELITA—  
WITH BEARY UP.



LORD GLANELY'S COLT: GAY LOTHARIO; BY GAY CRUSADER  
OUT OF LOVE IN IDLENESS—WITH THWAITES UP.



THE FAVOURITE FOR NEXT WEEK'S GREAT RACE: THE EARL OF DERBY'S COLORADO,  
WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS; BY PHALARIS OUT OF CANYON.

The Derby, third of the Classics, which is run on Wednesday next, June 2, is, it need hardly be said, the most famous race in the world. Above we give seven of the horses which figure prominently in the ante-post betting.—Swift and Sure, which was quoted last week at 20 to 1, is own brother to the famous Saucy Sue, the winner of the Oaks last year. It ran for the first time this year, unplaced, in the Two Thousand Guineas; and then won the Chester Vase from Bicarbonate and Lanchester.—Apple Sammy was third in the Two Thousand Guineas, and second to Golden Fairy in the Severals Stakes.—Roseheartly, who occupied fifth place in the betting last week, ran second to Legatee in the Paradise Stakes at Hurst Park.—Coronach, who started

favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas at 5 to 4, is the second favourite for the Derby. After his defeat by Colorado in the first of the Classics, he was ousted from his place as first favourite.—Colorado, the favourite, was quoted last week at 5 to 2. He inspired great confidence by the way in which he won the Two Thousand Guineas from Coronach by five lengths, and he won his only other race this year—the Union Jack Stakes, at Liverpool—with ease.—Gay Lothario is one of the best of the outsiders, and has received a certain amount of support. He ran unplaced in the Two Thousand, and was third to Harpagon and Booklet in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. He is bred by a Derby winner (Gay Crusader) out of Love in Idleness, who won the Oaks.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND G.P.A.



A FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL JURIST: THE LATE PROFESSOR SIR (THOMAS) ERSKINE HOLLAND.



A FAMOUS OBSTETRICIAN: THE LATE SIR JOHN WILLIAMS, BT.



FOUND SHOT DEAD: SIR CHARLES WALPOLE, J.P.



PRINCIPAL OF THE INDEPENDENT COLLEGE, BANGOR: THE LATE REV. T. REES, PH.D.



EXPLORER OF OXYRHYNCHUS: THE LATE DR. B. P. GRENFELL.



REPORTED WILLING TO REOPEN NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE: ABDEL KRIM.



INCLUDING ROLAND MACKENZIE, THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD STUDENT WHO PLAYED SO WELL ON THE OPENING DAY AT MUIRFIELD: WALKER CUP GOLFERS FROM THE U.S.A.—(LEFT TO RIGHT; BACK ROW) MESSRS. ROBERT GARDNER, GEORGE VON ELM, JESSE GUILFORD; (FRONT) R. T. JONES, R. MACKENZIE, JESSE SWEETSER, FRANCIS OUMET, G. WATTS GUNN.



HEAD OF THE PARTY RETURNED IN THE EGYPTIAN ELECTIONS: ZAGHLUL PASHA.



WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH AT MUIRFIELD: ENGLAND—(LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING) MESSRS. E. F. STOREY, R. W. HARTLEY, J. B. BECK, M. SCOTT, H. D. GILLIES; (SITTING) MESSRS. E. N. LAYTON, C. J. H. TOLLEY, SIR E. W. E. HOLDERNESS, AND MESSRS. R. H. WETHERED AND T. F. ELLISON.



LOSERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH AT MUIRFIELD: SCOTLAND—(LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING) MESSRS. J. GORDON SIMPSON, W. A. MURRAY, T. A. TORRANCE, W. WILLIS MACKENZIE, W. B. TORRANCE; (SITTING) MESSRS. W. L. HOPE, J. L. C. JENKINS, R. HARRIS, J. WILSON, AND J. CAVEN.

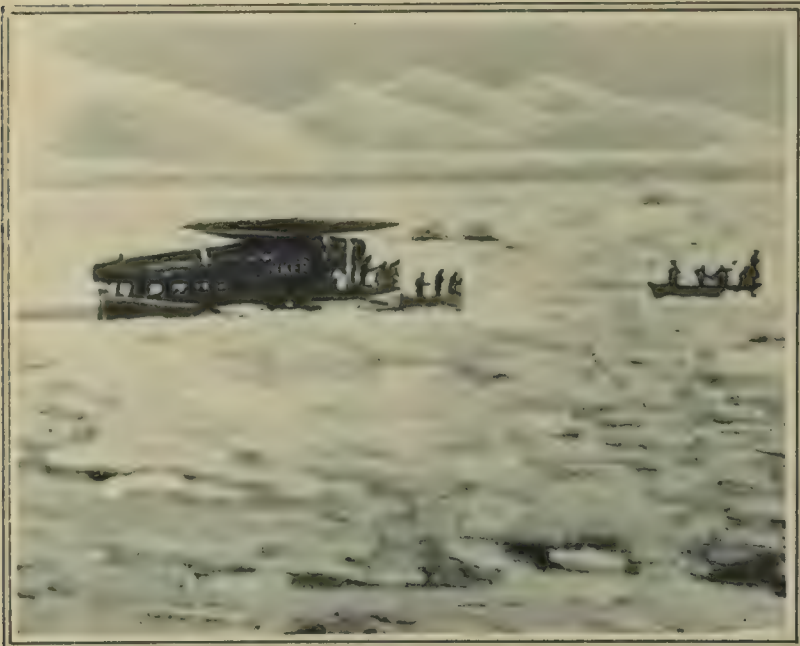
Sir (Thomas) Erskine Holland, who died on May 24th at the age of ninety, occupied the Chichele Chair of International Law and Diplomacy at Oxford for thirty-six years.—Sir John Williams, who died on May 24 at the age of eighty-five, was physician accoucheur to the Queen and physician to Princess Beatrice.—Sir Charles Walpole, a former chairman of Chertsey magistrates, was found shot dead in his town house, Kensington Court, W., on May 24. He was seventy-eight. Amongst the appointments he had held were the Chief Justiceships of the Leeward Islands, Gibraltar, and the Bahamas.—After working on a farm and as a collier, Dr. Rees entered University College, Cardiff, and, in 1896, Mansfield College, Oxford. He then accepted the Chair in Dogmatic

Theology and Philosophy at the Memorial College, Brecon, and ten years afterwards he became Principal of the Congregational College, Bangor. He edited the Welsh Encyclopædia on Religion and Ethics.—Dr. Grenfell was Hon. Professor of Papyrology at Oxford. He is best known for his work on the site of Oxyrhynchus (with Mr. A. S. Hunt), and the resulting volumes show most remarkable skill in decipherment.—It was reported on May 25 that M. Parent had arrived at Fez from the Rif bearing a letter from Abdel Krim to M. Steeg, the Resident-General of the French Protectorate in Morocco; and that the letter was an offer to reopen negotiations for peace.—During the first round in the Amateur Golf Championship, at Muirfield, Roland Mackenzie took only thirty-three strokes for the first nine holes.



# EVENTS FAR AND NEAR: INTERESTING NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND P. AND A.



AFTER THE FLIGHT DURING WHICH HE BELIEVES HE REACHED THE NORTH POLE: COMMANDER BYRD'S MONOPLANE BACK AT KING'S BAY, SPITZBERGEN, WHERE HE WAS CONGRATULATED BY CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN.



BEFORE THE FLIGHT OF 3393 MILES FROM KING'S BAY, SPITZBERGEN, ACROSS THE NORTH POLE TO THE COAST OF ALASKA: CAPTAIN ROALD. AMUNDSEN'S AIR-SHIP, THE "NORGE," AT KING'S BAY.



THE BRITISH LEGION SALUTING THE KING (BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND EARL HAIG, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, STANDING BEHIND THE FLAG): THE MARCH-PAST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON WHIT SUNDAY.

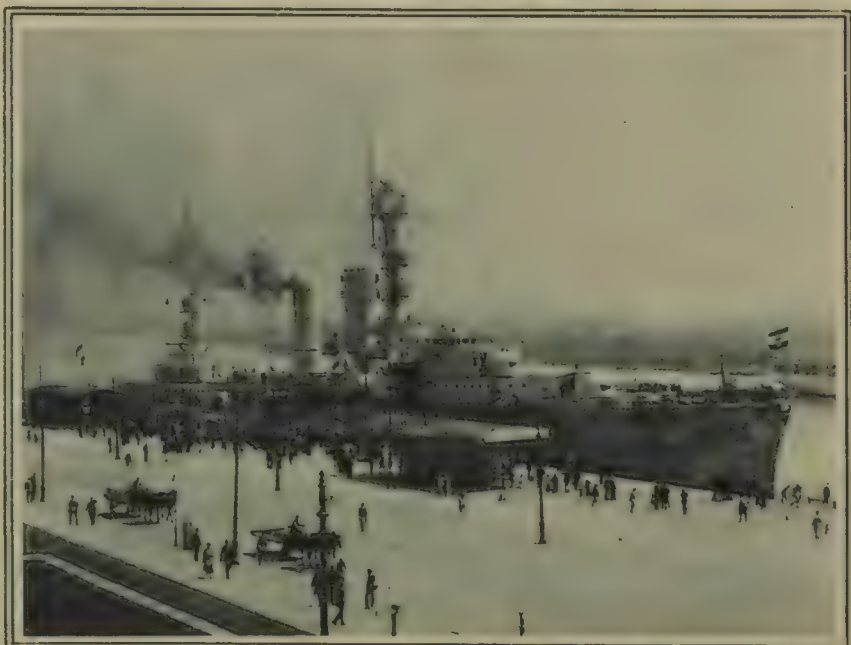


BEFORE THE CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH AND THE MARCH TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE COLOURS OF THE BRITISH LEGION ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.



AN EGYPTIAN COUNTERPART TO THE HORSE GUARDS IN WHITEHALL: EGYPTIAN MOUNTED MEN ON GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABDIN PALACE IN CAIRO.

Lieut.-Commander Richard Byrd, of the U.S. Navy, made a 15½-hour flight by aeroplane from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, on May 9, and believes that he reached the North Pole. On his return he was congratulated by Captain Amundsen, who, two days later, left Spitzbergen in the airship "Norge" and flew across the Pole to Teller, in Alaska, a distance of 3393 miles. It was stated later that Commander Byrd was coming to London and intended to organise a flight over the South Pole.—There was a great gathering of the British Legion in London on Whit Sunday. First the Legion was inspected on the Horse Guards Parade by



NAMED AFTER THE FAMOUS COMMERCE-RAIDER DESTROYED AT COCOS ISLANDS DURING THE WAR: THE NEW GERMAN CRUISER "EMDEN" AT STETTIN AFTER HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.

the Prince of Wales, with whom was Field-Marshal Earl Haig, its President. A service followed at the Cenotaph, where the Prince deposited a wreath inscribed, "The Legion of the Living Salute the Legion of the Dead." The contingents then marched to Buckingham Palace to salute the King, who was accompanied by the Queen.—The result of the Egyptian elections lends interest to our photograph of the entrance to the Abdin Palace in Cairo, which is curiously like that of the Horse Guards in Whitehall, with its pair of mounted sentries.—The new German cruiser, "Emden," recently arrived at Stettin.



# SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



## THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

"Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it."

This is the tenth in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated "The Expulsion from Eden," "The Flood," "The Doom of Lot's Wife," and "The Death of Samson."

The fifth—"Moses in the Bulrushes"—appeared in our 1926 Number of March 6; the sixth—"The Fall of Jericho"—in that of March 13; the seventh—"Boaz"—in that of March 20; the eighth—"Saul and the Witch of Endor"—in that of April 3; the ninth—"David and Goliath"—in that of May 1.



## FLOWERS WHERE THEY ARE LEAST EXPECTED: DESERT BLOSSOMS OF NEW MEXICO.

NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACOB GAYER. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE"  
(WASHINGTON, U.S.A.) COPYRIGHT.



1. NAMED FROM ITS DELICIOUS BROWNISH-RED BERRIES, THAT TASTE LIKE STRAWBERRIES: THE STRAWBERRY CACTUS (*ECHINOCEREUS STRAMINEUS*)—A CLUSTER ON A LIMESTONE LEDGE.



2. WITH MANY-RIBBED CYLINDERS, ABOUT A FOOT HIGH, GROWING SINGLY OR IN LOOSE CLUSTERS: *ECHINOCEREUS DASYACANTHUS*, A RELATIVE OF THE RAINBOW CACTUS.



3. WITH PEAR-SHAPED JOINTS EDGED WITH SHOWY FLOWERS (HERE SHOWN ABOUT ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE) AND DELICIOUS BERRIES: A PRICKLY PEAR (*OPUNTIA ENGELMANNII*).

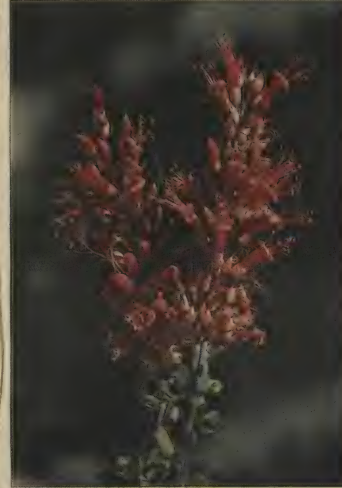
The accompanying illustrations of cacti in arid regions of the south-western United States of America are reproduced through the courtesy of the National Geographic Society from its official journal, the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington, D.C.). The reproductions are from natural-colour photographs made by one of the staff photographers of the Carlsbad Cavern Expedition sent out by the National Geographic Society to explore the most extensive known cave on the North American continent. Following the report of the Society's expedition leader, President Coolidge proclaimed the region surrounding the cavern a national monument, and thus protected the cave from private commercial exploitation. It was in the territory surrounding the mouth of the cavern, in south-western New Mexico, that these natural-colour photographs were made. In the descriptive notes on the various cacti (numbered as above) we read:



4. "THE CANDLE'S FLAME": THE SHOWY TOP OF AN OCOTILLO STEM (*FOQUIERIA SPLENDENS*) IN FULL BLOOM. ALSO CALLED CANDLEWOOD, COACH WHIP, AND JACOB'S STAFF.



5. FOUND ON ROCKY FOOTHILLS NEAR THE CARLSBAD CAVERN: A SMALL SPINY CACTUS (*CORYPHANTHA NEOMEXICANA*).



6. SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE BLOSSOM IN GREATER DETAIL: A CLOSER VIEW OF PART OF THE OCOTILLO FLOWERS ILLUSTRATED IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (TO LEFT).



7. LIKE A MELON IN BLOOM: A SMALL GREYISH-GREEN, GLOBULAR CACTUS (*ECHINOCACTUS HORIZONTALIS*); COMMON ON THE PLAINS

(1 and 10) "The common name (of the strawberry cactus) is suggested by the delicious brownish-red berries, crisp and juicy, which taste like strawberries. The blooms are sensitive to light; they close towards evening, and 'sleep' at night. (2) This cactus has many-ribbed cylinders, densely clothed with bunches of short spines. (3) *Opuntia engelmannii* thrives in sheltered nooks of the canyons. The juice is used as a colouring fluid. (4 and 6) The ocotillo is also called candlewood, coach-whip, and Jacob's staff. (5) This small, cylindrical, densely spiny cactus is inconspicuous except in blossom time. (7) The brilliant blooms are massed at the top. The fruit consists of large, oblong berries which turn crimson as they ripen. (8) *Opuntia tenuispinus* forms dense mats of spiny, interlacing branches. (9) The blossoms of *Echinocereus paucispinus*, unlike the strawberry cactus shown in Nos. 1 and 10, remain open at night.



8. FORMING DENSE MATS OF SPINY, INTERLACING BRANCHES WHICH IN EARLY SUMMER, AFTER A SHOWER, BECOME FLOWER BEDS OF DELICATE HUE: A PRICKLY PEAR (*OPUNTIA TENUISPINUS*).



9. LIKE A ROSE: AN EARLY BLOOMING STRAWBERRY CACTUS (*ECHINOCEREUS PAUCISPINUS*), WITH DEEP-GREEN FLESHY HEAD, FEW RIBS, AND FEW SPINES.



10. A PLANT THAT CAUSES CANYON WALLS TO BLAZE WITH COLOUR IN BLOSSOM TIME: A STRAWBERRY CACTUS (*ECHINOCEREUS STRAMINEUS*)—PART OF THE PLANT SHOWN IN NO. 1.



# Dewar's



THE CLANSMAN.

In all the complexity of life the simple qualities of sincerity and trustworthiness stand out like beacon-lights of inspiration and encouragement. How true this is of clansmen and again how true of .....

## DEWAR'S



# ROYALTY AT CHELSEA: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE QUEEN AT THE SPRING SHOW OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY: HER MAJESTY WITH LORD LAMBOURNE, THE PRESIDENT, AT ONE OF THE SUNKEN GARDENS.



THE QUEEN ADMIRING ONE OF THE GARDENS, WITH A BEAUTIFUL EFFECT OF WATER AND FLOWERING SHRUBS.



IN AN "AVENUE" OF IRIS BLOSSOM: THE QUEEN WITH LORD LAMBOURNE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.



THE QUEEN FINDS IT "COOL AND CHARMING AND THOROUGHLY ENGLISH": HER MAJESTY AT THE SUNKEN GARDEN WITH A MIRROR-POL IN THE CENTRE.



INTERESTED IN ORNAMENTAL STONE-WORK AND TOPIARY HEDGES: THE QUEEN COMING OUT OF A GARDEN SUMMER-HOUSE AT THE CHELSEA SHOW.



WITH THE KING (ON THE LEFT) SMILING IN AMUSEMENT: THE QUEEN LOOKING INTENTLY INTO THE MIRROR-POL IN THE CENTRE OF THE SUNKEN GARDEN SHOWN ABOVE.

The King and Queen were among the first visitors to the Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society—commonly known as the Chelsea Flower Show—which was opened on May 24, after having been postponed on account of the General Strike. The postponement, however, did not affect its success, for there were more entries than last year, and a greater number of rock gardens. One new feature in the Art Tent—an exhibit of paintings of flowers and gardens—was due to a suggestion made by the Queen herself. Her Majesty was conducted round the Show by Lord Lambourne, President of the Royal Horticultural Society,

and visited the rock gardens with Sir George Holford, a vice-president. She was particularly delighted with one of them, known as "the mirror-pool garden," and remarked: "How cool and charming and thoroughly English it is." The King had a chat, as usual, with Mr. James Macdonald, an old Scotsman who supplies most of the grass for the royal gardens, and told him a story of a lady at Cannes who was so particular about her lawn that, when someone walked on it, she immediately had it taken up and re-laid. The Queen remarked that the gardens at Chelsea were "very peaceful after all these anxious days."



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, KEYSTONE, CENTRAL PRESS, AND L.N.A.



AMERICAN FOOT GUARDS IN PARIS: THE VISITORS RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE (ON RIGHT, SALUTING) AT THE ELYSÉE, ON THE DAY OF THEIR DEPARTURE.



A STRANGE CRAFT IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: ANTON FLETTNER'S ROTOR-SHIP THE "BADEN BADEN," PROPELLED BY HER TWO PECULIAR "TOWERS."



THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW MAHARAJAH OF INDORE: YESHWANT RAO II. ARRIVING FOR THE CEREMONY.



THE CAPTURE OF ABDEL KRIM'S HEADQUARTERS IN MOROCCO: ONE OF HIS BOMB-PROOF DUG-OUTS RECENTLY ABANDONED.



LEAVING LONDON FOR INDIA AFTER ABDICATING IN FAVOUR OF HER SON: THE VEILED BEGUM OF BHOPAL (SALUTING) AT VICTORIA.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL AT GIVENCHY, AN "ADOPTED" FRENCH VILLAGE: A CEREMONY AT THE 55TH (WEST LANCS.) DIVISION MEMORIAL.

The "Baden Baden" (formerly the "Buckau") is the first rotor-ship built for Anton Flettner, the inventor of that type of craft. She recently crossed the Atlantic to New York.—The accession of the new Maharajah of Indore, Yeshwant Rao II., took place on March 12. In the Throne Hall of the Palace he took his seat on the throne and received the State insignia. It was reported that he intended to return to Oxford to complete his studies.—Abdel Krim's headquarters in the Riff, at Targuist, were captured by French irregulars on



WHERE ABDEL KRIM WAS RECENTLY REPORTED TO HAVE SUED FOR PEACE: THE WAR ZONE IN MOROCCO—WOUNDED MEN ON THE WAY TO HOSPITAL.

May 23, and it was stated later that he had sent a letter to the French Resident General in Morocco, M. Steeg, believed to contain overtures for peace.—The Begum of Bhopal, who lately abdicated in favour of her son, Nawab Hamidulla Khan, left London with him on May 19 to return to India.—At Givenchy on Whit Sunday the Lord Mayor of Liverpool unveiled the village war memorial, and placed a tribute at the 55th Division Memorial. He also presented gates and walls enclosing the memorial hall erected there by the city of Liverpool.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, SWIATOWID, P. AND A., JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., AND SPECIAL PRESS.



THE REVOLUTION IN POLAND: MARSHAL PILSUDSKI'S ADVANCE GUARD BIVOUAC IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BELVEDERE PALACE AT WARSAW, AFTER THE FLIGHT OF THE WITOS GOVERNMENT.



AT THE BELVEDERE PALACE, THE PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE IN WARSAW, DURING THE RECENT ATTACK MADE ON IT BY THE FORCES OF MARSHAL PILSUDSKI: A MACHINE-GUN POST.



CAUSE OF A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT: THE GERMAN MERCANTILE FLAG (IN THE HOHENZOLLERN COLOURS) SANCTIONED BY DR. LUTHER, WHO HAD TO RESIGN.

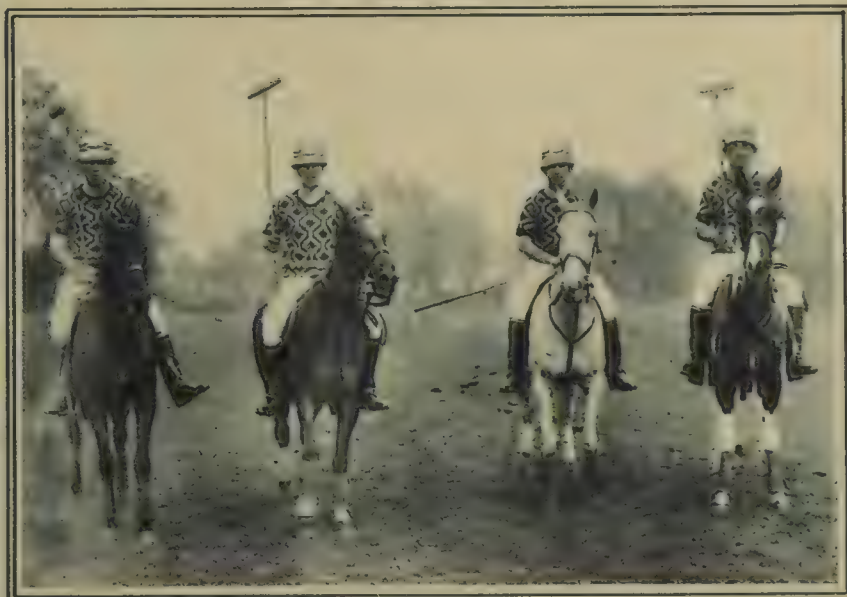


LARGER THAN THOSE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE GREAT BRITISH LION FOR THE MENIN GATES MEMORIAL AT YPRES, WITH THE SCULPTOR WHO EXECUTED IT, MR. W. REID DICK, A.R.A.



A NEW LONDON PLEASURE GROUND OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF HEALTH: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., SPEAKING IN GUNNERSBURY PARK.

Since the *coup d'état* in Warsaw, where Marshal Pilsudski's troops captured the Belvedere Palace and occupied the city, affairs in Poland have somewhat settled down. It was stated on May 25 that the Provisional President, M. Rataj, had summoned the National Assembly to meet in Warsaw on May 31 to elect a new President.—In Germany the Democrats recently compelled Dr. Luther and his Cabinet to resign, because he had sanctioned an order to embassies and consulates to fly the Mercantile flag, whose colours are those of the Hohenzollern Empire, alongside the National flag. As a result, a new Government was formed with Dr. Marx as Chancellor.—Mr. Reid Dick's colossal lion, which is 18 ft. long and taller than those of the Nelson monument, will form part of the Menin



ARGENTINE POLO PLAYERS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE COLOURS: THE LA PAMPA TEAM, WINNERS IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE WHITNEY CUP.

Gates, a memorial to be erected at Ypres to all the British soldiers who fell in the salient. The arch has been designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., and King Albert will probably unveil the memorial next autumn.—Gunnersbury Park, an estate of 200 acres with two houses, was bought by the Acton and Ealing Councils for £125,000. Part of it (186½ acres) was opened on May 21, as a public recreation ground, by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health.—In the first round of the Whitney Cup, played at Worcester Park on May 20, the Argentine team, La Pampa, beat the Mosquitos by 5½ goals to 5. The La Pampa team were Señor A. M. Pena, Mr. J. D. Nelson, Señor J. A. Martinez de Hoz, and Señor M. Andrada.



# A SUCCESS AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.



THE THREE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED": MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY, MR. SAM LIVESKY AS TONY, AND MR. GLENN ANDERS AS JOE.



AFTER AMY HAS DECIDED TO MARRY TONY, THE OLD ITALIAN VINE-GROWER, RATHER THAN RETURN TO "SERVE A TABLE" IN 'FRISCO: THE FESTA AT TONY'S FARM—TONY IN BED.



AMY ARRIVES FROM 'FRISCO AND IS WELCOMED BY THE ITALIAN SERVANTS ON TONY'S FARM IN THE NAPA VALLEY: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY.



AMY AND JOE, THE YOUNG FARM-HAND WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH WAS SENT TO HER INSTEAD OF THAT OF TONY: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY AND MR. GLENN ANDERS AS JOE.



THE BRIDE AND THE INJURED VINE-GROWER: MR. SAM LIVESKY AS TONY AND MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY.



IN HER WEDDING DRESS: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY.



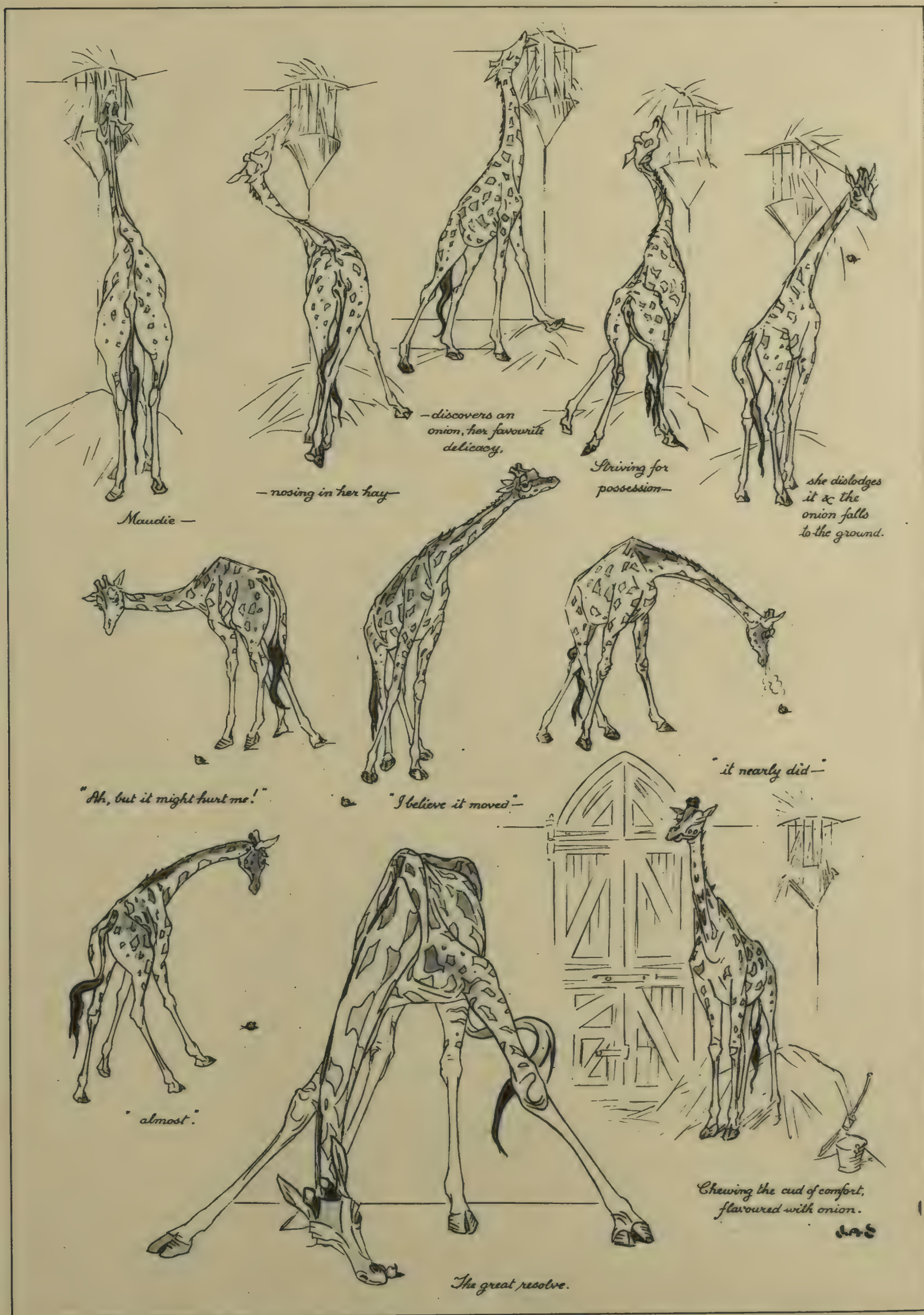
THE LOVER, THE HUSBAND, AND THE BRIDE WHO CAME TO MARRY THE YOUNG MAN AND FOUND HERSELF PLEDGED TO THE OLD: MR. GLENN ANDERS AS JOE, MR. SAM LIVESKY AS TONY, AND MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS AMY.

"They Knew What They Wanted," which was produced the other day at the St. Martin's Theatre, was a great success in New York, and seems likely to repeat that success here. Very briefly, its story is as follows: Tony, an Italian vine-grower in California, has become rich owing to Prohibition, and the consequent growth in the demand for fermented liquor. Having attained wealth, he wishes for a family. Therefore, he begins correspondence with a girl he has seen working in a "spaghetti joint" in San Francisco; but it is not his photograph, but that of Joe—his "hand"—that goes with one of the letters. Amy, chancing an Italian husband because she wants to be free from "serving a table," comes to Tony's farm, and, as luck will have it, is welcomed not by the old man, but by young Joe. She is well pleased, and does not discover her mistake until Tony is carried in on a stretcher after a motor-car accident consequent upon too much wine. Rather than return to her distasteful work, she goes through with the wedding. Then, to quote the "Morning Post" critic: "There is an emotional reaction . . . and three months later, Amy, who is now in love with Tony, discovers that she is to have a child to Joe! The end of the play is that Tony forgives her, and accepts the child as if it were his own."



## HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## DISCOVERY, SUSPICION, HESITATION, RESOLUTION, SATISFACTION: MAUDIE AND THE ONION.

The Giraffe is a ruminant—he chews the cud, but he does not ruminate. That is to say, he does not reflect or meditate—he simply chews. He is consumed by nerves, and is full of senseless fears. Wild animals must think or die, but the giraffe owes his survival to his neurotic nerves and exaggerated suspicion. He has no vocal chord, no sense of fun or humour,

but is very fond of onions. Apart from his beauty, there is nothing more to be said about the giraffe. The "Zoo" now has only two—Maudie and Maggie. Maudie is a Nubian giraffe from the Sudan; and Maggie, a Kordofan giraffe, born in the menagerie. Maggie has weathered nineteen years of captivity—including Bank Holidays. So they must be fairly hardy.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

AT the first sign of the recent trouble among the people the King and Queen came to Buckingham Palace and were in the centre of the capital, and the Prince of Wales flew back in order to be at hand.



THE DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY STRATHSPEY: THE HON. JOAN OGILVIE GRANT.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A débutante about whom there is a touch of romance is the Hon. Joan Ogilvie Grant, only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey. She is a cousin of the young Countess of Seafield, to whom her father stands as heir-presumptive. There is a claimant to both Earldom and Barony; the case is to be heard this summer. The old Barony of Strathspey became extinct at the death of the eighth Earl of Seafield, and was re-created for the ninth Earl of Seafield, with remainder to his heirs male. The Seafield Earldom descends in the distaff line. Lady Strathspey, like the young Lady Seafield's mother, is from Christchurch, New Zealand. Miss Ogilvie Grant has a brother four years younger than herself. The Strathspeys have no town house, so Lady Pitcairn-Campbell arranged a dance for her at her new house in Pont Street. She is a charming girl, and resembles her cousin Lady Seafield to some extent.

The Marquise de Polignac, who was Mrs. Eustis of New York, is a very attractive woman, and always beautifully dressed. Her husband's father, the Marquis de Polignac, married Mlle. Jean Alexandrine Louise Pommeroy, and her son, the present Marquis, controls the great business of champagne-making at Rheims. He is an only son, and has an only son, now in his sixth year. The Marquis married his present wife in New York in October 1917. He was a great pioneer of aviation, and is also an athlete who had much to do with organising the Olympic Games two years ago. The Marquise is now back in Paris, but has been here recently. At their houses in the Avenues des Champs-Élysées, Paris, and at Rheims, champagne is said to be always on the table in water-bottles. Let us hope they are well stoppered, otherwise water would be the pleasanter beverage!



ENGAGED TO MR. F. J. BRUNNER: MISS ELIZABETH IRVING, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. H. B. IRVING.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Church in Buckingham Palace Road to Prince Serge. Her mother is Lady Ribblesdale, and she is her daughter by her first marriage, with the late Mr. John Jacob Astor, who was drowned in the *Titanic*.

The Queen is well, and glad to have her family round her; her only grand-daughter, although a small baby, is healthy and happy. Princess Mary has her two sons with her and Viscount Lascelles at Chesterfield House. The little lads are much in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, which are in great beauty, and their infant cousin has taken some airings there too.

She is an attractive girl with fair hair and pretty eyes. Prince Serge is tall and good-looking, and she met him here in England. Lord Ribblesdale's Barony became extinct at his death last year. He had two fine sons of his first marriage, with a sister of Lady Oxford and Asquith; one was killed in action, the other died of wounds received in action. His daughters are the Hon. Lady Wilson, Lady Lovat, and the Countess of Westmorland.

Miss Elizabeth Irving, who is engaged to Mr. F. J. M. Brunner, is the daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Irving and grand-daughter of Sir Henry Irving; and, following her father's tradition, went on the stage. As she is not yet twenty-two, her career has not been long. She began at sixteen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she played Titania. Her mother, who was Miss Dorothea Baird, made her greatest success as Trilby in that play. She now devotes her leisure to the welfare of children, and is deeply interested in a well-known centre. Miss Irving, like her mother, is tall and fair. Her bridegroom-to-be is the only son of Sir John Fowler Brunner, second Baronet. He is twenty-nine, is M.A. of Oxford, and a Lieutenant in the R.F.A. His only sister married the elder son of Sir William and Lady Worsley. Her husband, Captain William A. Worsley, served in the Great War with the Green Howards, and was wounded and made prisoner of war. Mr. Roscoe Brunner is the bridegroom-elect's uncle. His wife has written some books, and their only daughter married in January of



FORMERLY MISS ALICE ASTOR: PRINCESS SERGE OBOLENSKY.

Photograph by G.P.U.

last year Prince Ferdinand de Liechtenstein. The Princess also has literary aspirations.

The Hon. Janet Aitken, only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook, was a sufferer from the strike, as the dance due for her coming-out was cancelled. She is two years older than the elder of her two brothers. Lady Beaverbrook is the daughter of the late Major-General Charles William Drury, C.B., of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Their place in Surrey, Cherkley Court, is a fine one. It was tenanted for a time by the late Sir William and Lady Petersen.

As soon as the General Strike came to an end, social life in London began again and there is no doubt that we may look forward to one of the most brilliant of seasons; for entertainments of every kind are arranged nightly by all our most prominent hostesses. Lady Mond's musical party last week was a delightful function. The artists who performed were Orloff and Adila Fachiri, so the music was

admirable. Orloff gave quite a long programme, including works by Chopin and Liszt, and both he and Mme. Fachiri were listened to in complete silence, for the guests thoroughly appreciated the beautiful music, and there was none of the suppressed whispering which, alas! sometimes mars private musical parties in London.

Lady Mond looked very elegant in an embroidered dress which glittered with a sheen suggesting beetles' wings, and wore her fine emeralds. Both Lady Erleigh and Lady Pearson, the married daughters of the house, were present; the latter—who has not long been back from Kenya Colony—looking particularly well in white, with many pearls. Lord Balfour was one of the many distinguished politicians to be seen, and he had a long talk with Mrs. Glasgow, who was making him laugh as she chatted with her Transatlantic vivacity and wit. Mrs. Baldwin wore her favourite shade of rose-pink, and had a high paste tiara in her hair. Lady White-Thompson and her sister, Mrs. Wilson-Fox, were together, and Lady Reading was looking particularly handsome in white, with some fine jewels. Lord and Lady St. John of Bletsoe were among the many who enjoyed the music very much, and I noticed Lord Inchcape among the big crowd, though Lady Inchcape was unable to be present: she is not well enough to go about much, but hopes soon to be right again.

The garden was not called into use at this party, as, though there were a good many guests, the dining-room downstairs was quite sufficiently large for supper for everyone to be served there. Sir Alfred was not able to be at home in the early part of the evening, but came later and had long conversations with a number of his guests.

One of the exhibitions of pictures which has been rousing a good deal of interest is the show of work by Georges Seurat at the Lefèvre Galleries, which opened not long ago. It is a unique exhibition, as a collection of Seurat's works has never before been shown in London, and those who do not know his work will be simply entranced by the luminosity which he achieves by his technique of *pointillisme*. The Duchess of Marlborough, who has lived in Paris and admires modern art, was delighted with the exhibition, and spent some time there; while Lydia Lopokova, the dancer—who is Mrs. Keynes—was also very interested in the pictures. Her husband, Professor Keynes, possesses a drawing by Seurat for one of his big pictures, "Dimanche d'Été à la Grande Jatte," and this picture is represented within one of those shown at the Lefèvre. This is "Les Poseuses." On the walls one may see "La Grande Jatte," A. E. L.



LORD BEAVERBROOK'S DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER: THE HON. JANET AITKEN.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY THE HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT: LADY IRENE PRATT, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS CAMDEN.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR DURING THE STRIKE, AND MANAGER OF THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA: THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON.

Photograph by Yvonne Gregory.





OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 2

## “Gone to Jericho”

ONE of the pleasure houses of Henry the Eighth was the manor of Blackmore, near Chelmsford in Essex, which, with its adjacent lands, is mentioned in the king's patent rolls as “a tenement called Jerico.” A river flowing through the village was known as the River Jordan. The parish church belonged once to an Augustinian priory founded in the thirteenth century.

To this retreat the monarch would retire with some members of the court, and on such occasions he was said to have “Gone to Jericho.”

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“Johnnie Walker, please!”





*Specially made to fit conveniently the body of the car is this practical motor touring trunk, to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's new salon at 61, Welbeck Street, W.*

#### Cretonne and Bass Appear in Summer Fashions.

Fashion is employing unexpected frivolities to deck her summer creations. Gay cretonnes,

printed with birds and strange animals, are used for smart little waistcoats and jumpers, while the tiny sunshades to match, no bigger than a child's umbrella, have the pattern outlined with silver thread or with narrow strands of velvet, merging at intervals to form quaint little bows. Collars and cuffs and neat little vests are also made of cretonne, adding a delightfully piquant note to simple walking frocks, and these are sold with a buttonhole of the actual flower in the same shades. The appearance of bass is another amusing innovation, used to decorate shoes for the races and other important functions. You will see Court shoes in pale fawn or white leather, the toes beautifully embroidered like a tapestry, which only close inspection proves to be carried out in bass of many colours. The latest sunshades for the *plage*, too, are practical and very effective affairs made of cool brown linen, with here and there a huge flower worked in bass; and if you would be really thorough, you will have hats and "beach bags" completing the set. Obviously the mode is very practical, for the bass will brave the hottest sun, and these amusing accessories will not, after a few days, lose the air of freshness and *joie de vivre* which constitute their charm.

#### A Useful Motor Touring Trunk.

Now that the weather is improving, motoring week-ends are becoming more and more frequent, and every enthusiast should inspect the special motor touring trunks which are to be found in the new department of Debenham and Freebody's at 61, Welbeck Street, W., which is devoted to the latest Innovation trunks and other travelling equipment of all kinds. The motor touring trunks, one of which is pictured above, are available in many shapes and sizes to fit the particular cars for which they are designed. They are constructed of the finest ply-wood, covered and reinforced with a rich waterproof leather, and can be easily washed in exactly the same manner as the body of the car, so that no cover is necessary. Fitted with dustproof locks, with the under part entirely covered in metal, they are extremely strong and practical. The one illustrated above is available for 11 guineas. In the same department are to be found Innovation trunks ranging from 6½ guineas. There are five different models which can be supplied entirely for gowns or suits, as desired, with arms and hangers on both sides. Another splendid accessory is the latest "all hanger" cabin-trunk, so designed that, while remaining under the berth, the contents are easily accessible.

## Fashions & Fancies

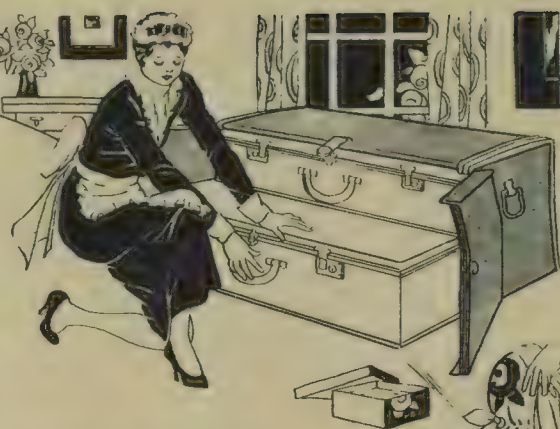
ANTICIPATIONS OF A SUMMER WHICH WILL MAKE THE FASHIONABLE PLACES A RIOT OF COLOUR AND SUNSHINE, INSPIRE MANY NOVEL FRIVOLITIES.



*A fashionable moleskin coat trimmed with smoke-grey fur which can be secured at a reduced summer price from the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.*

**Bargains in Furs.** Now is the best time of the year to purchase furs at special prices, and everyone should apply to the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., for a copy of their present bargain catalogue. It will be sent gratis and

*It is a lucky wind which has blown to this page the small outfits below from Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Linen, white and red, expresses the frock on the extreme left, spotted muslin the second, and crêpe-de-Chine and lace the bonnet and cap; while the first suit is of Harris linen, and the smock and knickers of zephyr.*



*Showing the well-designed interior of the motor trunk pictured opposite, which comes from Debenham and Freebody's new salon at 61, Welbeck Street W. It is built of the finest ply-wood, reinforced with waterproof leather.*

post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. Amongst the many tempting possibilities is the moleskin coat illustrated here. The collar, cuffs, and flounce are of smoke-grey fur, and the cost is 19 guineas. At the same price is a fashionable hair seal kid coat with collar and cuffs of snow leopard. Then there are marten opossum stoles, three skins wide, available for 4½ guineas, and single-skin marten ties for 5½ guineas. Alterations, too, and remodelling are carried out at reduced charges during the summer months.

#### Frocks and Suits for Little People.

Summer outfits for small denizens of the nursery are a speciality of Gorrings, Buckingham Palace

Road, S.W., where were sketched the attractive affairs pictured below. The frock on the extreme left is of white linen trimmed with scarlet; the next, of spotted muslin prettily embroidered; and the coat and bonnet are of crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with lace. For less formal occasions can be secured useful white hair-cord smocks from 6s. 9d., size 18 inches, embroidered in various colours; and frocks, knickers, and bonnet to match of checked zephyr can be secured for 17s. 5d. the set. For small boys there are the simple little suits pictured below. The one on the left, of real Harris blue, hand-embroidered, ranges from 31s. 6d. for age three years, and the smock and knickers of fine zephyr cost 19s. 6d., for age 2½ years. For older boys there are tennis and cricket shirts of mixed wool and cotton available for 6s. 11d. in all sizes, and light-weight Scotch knit sweaters for summer games are 9s. 11d.

#### A Catalogue of Summer-Time Modes.

The pleasantest way of choosing a summer outfit is to do so at leisure in your own home. The new catalogue issued by Dickins

and Jones, Regent Street, W., will be of the greatest assistance, for it illustrates countless attractive possibilities. There are graceful capes in fine Ottoman or satin rayon with patterned borders available for 4½ guineas, suitable for day or evening wear, and a pretty afternoon frock of printed crêpe-de-Chine with long sleeves can be secured for 79s. 6d. A charming evening dress of black silk taffeta trimmed with rouleaux of the same material and appliquéd gold lace is a splendid investment at 94s. 6d. At 6 guineas each are many charming models—two-piece suits of tailored cloth or with frocks of crêpe-de-Chine, and jumper suits of many materials. For sports and river activities are frocks of Irish linen trimmed with hand-drawn thread work available for 30s., and stockinette jumper suits costing 45s. 9d. A copy of this interesting catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on request to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.







All Celanese Underwear is valued for its scientific health-and-comfort property of insulation. Be sure you get the genuine Celanese—always identified by this woven Brand Tab stitched inside every garment.

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BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1



## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

*(Continued from Page 926.)*

machine stops its spinning and goes back for more, winding up that which has been spun. The continuous use of the spinning-wheel is represented by machines using the flier or some substitute therefor, in the most ingenious way.

It is strange to think that all this machinery, and all the millions of people whose living depends on it, revolve round this single fibre, wool or cotton or whatever it may be. If the fibre became longer, if its strength were altered, or its behaviour to moisture or any of its physical properties, new designs of machinery would be required, and readjustment of the work. The properties of the fibre itself govern all its treatment. It may well be that even now there is much to be learnt about it which may greatly affect manufacture; indeed, this is surely the case. That is why the research associations which have been formed in recent years to help our country's manufactures are impelled in the case of the textiles to give minute and careful examination to the fibre itself. It is necessary to know its structure and its properties in every detail and to watch their every change during all the stages of manufacture. Botany and biology, chemistry and physics and engineering are all brought in; really abstruse problems are met with, in testing, in explaining mishaps and failures, and in suggesting new possibilities.

The effect of moisture on the fibre is an extremely important question. All the fibres absorb a certain amount of it, and their properties are considerably modified in consequence. A fibre is composed of two things: one of them is springy and is not much affected by water, but far more so by heat.

The other is a viscous material which is stiff when cold and dry; both heat and moisture make it flow more easily. A piece of cloth, stretched on the tenterhooks when wet and dried while still on the

hooks, will remain stretched because the viscous material is set so hard; but, if it is damped, the viscous material is softened and the elastic groundwork of the fibres contracts; the cloth shrinks. In what is called "London shrinking," the material is wetted and dried unstretched: this releases all latent strains, such, for example, as may be put in during manufacture, and the shrunk material may not be quite uniform. The removal of temporary creases by hanging clothes before the fire, or putting them away for a time in a drawer, is similarly explained.

When the cotton boll first opens, the fibres begin to shrink and soon acquire their usual "crushed-tape" appearance. If they are soaked in an alkaline solution, the interior of the fibres takes up the liquid and the fibres swell once more to a rounded and more shiny surface. (See lower left-hand illustrations on p. 927.) The process is known as "mercerisation." The mercerised cotton weaves into a more lustrous material. Lustre is a mysterious property, difficult to describe, to measure, and to explain. When a material such as a sateen is passed between finely grooved rollers, the grooves running parallel to the direction of the surface fibres on the threads, it gains greatly in lustre. In this case, the effect may be explained as due to the fact that the edges of the ridges flash and reflections appear in unexpected directions, as the lower centre figure illustrates. One of the most lustrous of materials is "artificial silk," a viscous material resembling the material of cotton, extended in long threads through a minute hole and subsequently hardened. The centre illustration shows roughly the process. But an abstract is too short for a full discussion of all these latter questions.



THE MONGREL COMES INTO ITS OWN: NEW YORK'S FIRST "MUTT PARADE"—  
A MARCH-PAST OF 1500 UNPEDIGREED DOGS WITH THEIR OWNERS.

It has been reserved for America to do belated justice to the much-despised mongrel. What is described as the first "Mutt parade" in the history of New York took place there recently, and consisted of a march-past of 1500 unpedigreed dogs with their owners. There were 160 prizes, but the points on which they were awarded are not mentioned, except that the faintest suspicion of a pedigree caused disqualification.

Photograph by L.N.A.

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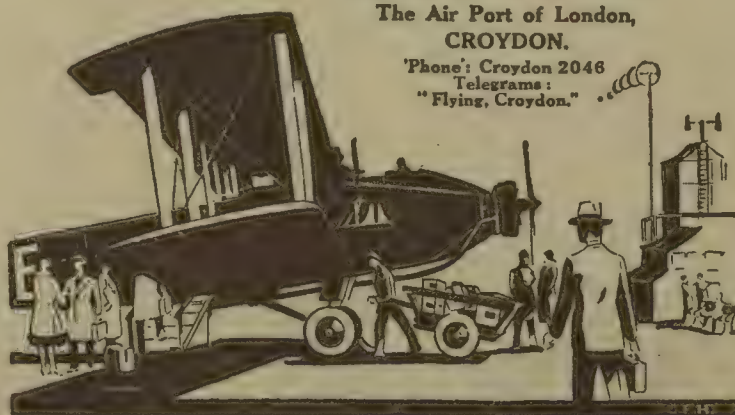
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## CHALIAPIN AS MEFISTOFELE IN BOITO'S OPERA

By C. NABOKOFF.

(See Illustrations on Pages 924, 925.)

BOITO'S "Mefistofele" was a failure when it was first produced at the Scala, and gained popularity only after a revival in somewhat modified form, Maddalena Mariani Masi, Francesco Marconi, and Nanetti appearing in the principal parts. In St. Petersburg the opera was given for the first time in the late 'eighties, and was a great success. The part of Mefistofele was taken by Feodor Stravinski, the father of the well-known composer. The Emperor Alexander III. liked the opera very much, and for this reason it appeared frequently in the repertoire.

Chaliapin's operatic career in St. Petersburg did not begin till 1893-4, and he sprang into fame on the imperial stage upon his return from Moscow, where from 1895 till 1897 he sang at Mamontov's private opera-house. The part of Mefistofele in Gounod's "Faust" was the one in which he achieved his first triumph on the imperial stage. It has remained one of his most remarkable impersonations. But Boito's opera afforded much richer opportunities for Chaliapin's artistry. And it was "Mefistofele" he chose for his first appearance before the Italian public at the Scala in Milan. When the Russian singer, then quite unknown outside Russia, began to rehearse the part at the Scala, he asked Ricordi whether he could have a look at the scenery, as there were one or two details he would like to have done in a certain way. Ricordi was taken aback by this presumptuousness of the "unknown quantity," and coldly replied that "the scenery was all right." However, after hearing Chaliapin in the "Prologue in Heaven," he told the singer everything would be done to suit his wishes.

Apart from the Prologue, there is little in Boito's score for the singer. The scene in Faust's study is admittedly the weakest of all. The aria ending in the "Fischio," and still more the final duet, "Fin da sta notte," are specimens of banality quite astounding for so refined a talent as Boito's. There are better vocal possibilities in the "Sabbath on the Brocken." The aria with the globe is a fine piece of dramatic recitative. In the remainder of the opera Mefistofele has naught but short phrases. Vocally, therefore, as Chaliapin himself often admitted to the writer, the part is inferior. But it gives him the chance of an artistic creation of immense variety and significance.

In the "Prologue in Heaven" Chaliapin, as Mefistofele, stands like a sinister point of interrogation, boldly facing and challenging the Almighty.

His first appearance on earth is in the street where Faust and Wagner are watching the sunset and the merry townsfolk. In the guise of a monk he passes by, moving in circles—an uncanny apparition which terrifies Faust. A rapid change of scenery—and Faust enters his study, followed by the monk, who hides in the alcove. It was in this scene that Chaliapin asked Ricordi for a change in the scenery. He wanted the alcove to be separated from the study by a grey curtain. When Faust exclaims: "Furia, demonio o spettro, sarai mio!" Chaliapin opens the grey curtain and appears against that background—in black, a figure of towering, dominating power. In spite of the extreme thinness of the score, he succeeds in conveying the dramatic meaning of the scene.

The garden scene in Boito's opera, in striking contrast with its sentimental French counterpart, is a gambol. The tragic suggestion—the sleeping-draught for Margaret's mother—is but a momentary interjection, and the scene ends in a laughing quartet. Mefistofele—dressed in red—thoroughly enjoys his courtship of Martha. Good-humoured, sarcastic, and *terre-à-terre*, he prances about at a pace that leaves the old lady breathless.

And what a transition to the king of all the evil forces of the world in the scene of the Witches' Sabbath! It is impossible to convey the full greatness of Chaliapin in this scene. One is irresistibly reminded of Michael Angelo. . . . Here there is no need for Satan to wear the human garb. Chaliapin is almost naked. His arms and legs are bare, and he wears a short garment slightly darker than his skin. A black cloak hangs from his shoulders, lined with red rags that suggest a frame of fire. At the end of the scene, when all the witches kneel before their Sovereign Master, he throws off the cloak and stands upright—in a posture of malignant grandeur which is truly superhuman.

In the prison scene Mefistofele is impatient and bored. He grows more and more restless as Margaret kneels in prayer, and at the last moment, as the executioner appears, he drags Faust away in angry confusion. In the radiant setting of the "Night of the Classical Sabbath" Mefistofele is ill at ease. He stands still, leaning against a marble column, watching and listening in an attitude of boredom. And in the last scene, as his defeat approaches, he gradually loses his grandeur and "dwindles away," sinking into the earth like a snake that is driven into its lair. He moves about in angry impotence, his movements are awkward and halting—the very symbol of defeat.

Boito's opera is but a series of detached scenes from Goethe's "Faust." To the modern ear some of

these scenes sound thin and crudely insignificant, but the Italian libretto is a masterpiece of poetry (as is Boito's libretto of Verdi's "Otello"). Chaliapin brings out the beauty of the words better than any other interpreter of the part since it was written, and in each of the seven scenes of the opera his impersonation of Mefistofele is one which comes nearer to the figure of Goethe's tragedy than one might expect the operatic convention to permit.

## THE NATION'S NEW TREASURE OF OLD CHINESE SILVER.

(See Illustrations on Page 919.)

OUR photographs on page 919 illustrate a beautiful set of fifteen pieces of old Chinese silver, dating from the ninth century, recently acquired by the British Museum with the aid of private donors. They are said to have been discovered all together in a tomb in the Pei Huang Shan, near Sianfu, Shensi.

All the vessels bore similar incrustation, and one of them (No. 15 on the page) has been left untouched to show the original state in which they were found. The cleaning of the rest revealed the beauty of the silversmith's work, which in the seven plain pieces recalls the dignity of form in English Tudor plate. One small cup (No. 3 of the illustrations) has an inscription stating that it was made for the Great Officer Wang in a year corresponding to A.D. 877, and that its weight was officially attested as two taels and half a candareen.

Particularly interesting are the "biographical" engraved scenes, such as that shown in Nos. 5 and 11, representing the story of the sage Chiang Tzu-ya, discovered fishing in a stream and summoned by a Court messenger to be adviser to the Emperor who founded the Chou Dynasty. Another piece, the dish shown in No. 12, has at the left end a figure of the wood-cutter Chu Mai-ch'en, who became a Minister; while at the right-hand end of the dish he is seen engaged in an argument with his wife.

The eight decorated pieces are notable for the beauty of their engraved, stamped, and repoussé designs and the rare quality of the gilding. In some pieces gilding has been used to enhance the chief features of the design; in others, as in the two vases, the whole ground is covered with pale gilding, while thicker gold emphasises the prominent features.

It is remarkable that all these pieces, though over a thousand years old, are more akin to modern European design than is the Chinese silver-work of the last dynasty that ended in 1912.

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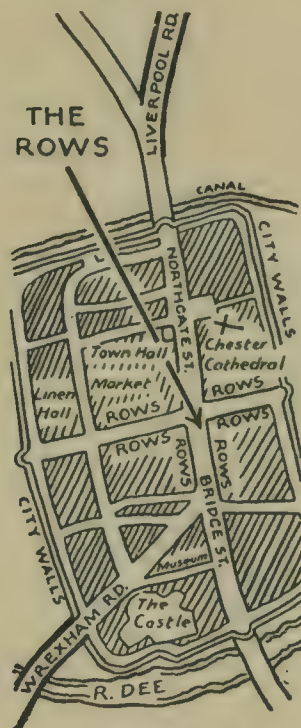
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## THE ROWS— CHESTER

The "Rows" in the ancient city of Chester consist of passages which run along the first floor level of the houses in some of the older streets, occupying the space which in the ordinary way would be given over to the front rooms.

Other points of interest are the City Walls, the Cathedral, the Castle, and, across the River Dee, Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster.

Chester is 181 miles from London, 38 from Manchester, but whether your journey to this interesting city be long or short, be sure that it is accomplished on "BP" the British Petrol.

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## THE NEGLECTED GLORIES OF ANCIENT INDIAN HISTORY AND ART.

(See Illustrations on Pages 916-917.)

UNTIL comparatively recent years it was the fashion among historians of India to write as if nothing mattered before the period of Mohammedan rule, and very little before the eighteenth century and the establishment of British power in that country. Early Indian art was even more flagrantly neglected, and was usually regarded, with strange narrow-mindedness, as something incomprehensible, debased, and almost unholy. The true pioneers were meanwhile hard at work, though their work was largely unknown to the general public, and its results were often buried in the pages of the journals of learned societies. Scores of scholars were unobtrusively searching for and studying the monuments, coins, and inscriptions, and the rich fruits of their labours are only now appearing, in such works as the great Cambridge History of India.

As regards the fine arts, the awakening is not yet complete. The energy and foresight of the late Lord Curzon, and the constant and fertile labours of the Archaeological Survey of India under Sir John Marshall, have done much to disclose the artistic treasures of the past; while Mr. Havell and Dr. Coomaraswamy have been enthusiastic interpreters of their beauty and ideals.

A splendid work which has been recently issued—"Ancient India. From the Earliest Times to the Guptas. With Notes on the Architecture and Sculpture of the Mediæval Period." By K. de B. Codrington. With a Prefatory Essay on Indian Sculpture by William Rothenstein. (Ernest Benn, Ltd; £6 6s. net)—aims, as the modest preface states, at "in some sense uniting the æsthetic appreciation of Dr. Coomaraswamy and Mr. Havell . . . and the historical researches of the great archaeologists." It goes further than this. It may, in fact, be confidently asserted that the magnificent illustrations, which form the most striking feature of the volume, will prove a

delightful revelation even to professed students of the subject. They can scarcely fail, on the other hand, to stimulate wonder and enthusiasm in all who are capable of being moved by the grandeur and glory of a sculpture to which the claim to a foremost place in the art of the world can no longer be

refused. The plates, which are over 100 in number, are arranged chronologically, and date from the third century B.C. to the twelfth century A.D. Between these two limits—from the Mauryan cave temples to the religious buildings of the later mediæval period—every important movement in Indian artistic tradition can be clearly traced.

The canons that govern this tradition are constant in one sense only—that they are uniformly religious in motive. The religion might be Buddhistic, or, as when Buddhism was finally expelled from India by the strength of Brahminism, Hindu, but the religious motive was never, so far as we know, forgotten. Religious feeling accordingly dominates Indian art—as it dominates everything else in India. It is, however, a serious, though common, mistake to regard this tradition as a narrowing one. Great art is dignified by a great subject, and, just as the mediæval European monk allowed his fancy to play freely about the details of the manuscript which he illuminated, so the Indian sculptor enriched and lightened his work with the detailed story of the life around him.

Indian art, then, as is clearly shown in these exquisite plates, is far from being a limited art. Abstract conceptions, conventionalised features, are, no doubt, abundantly represented; but they are everywhere contrasted with vivid and vigorous studies of life and movement, depicted with a surprising feeling of rhythm.

These remarkable illustrations (the collection and selection of which from many different sources must, incidentally, have entailed great difficulties) should not be allowed to overshadow the hardly less interesting text, which consists of a stimulating preface by Mr. Rothenstein, and of a detailed and well-balanced account by Mr. Codrington—admirably illustrated, annotated, and referenced—of Indian history, art, and archaeology, from the earliest times up to the fifth century (Gupta era), which ushered in the mediæval period—a period in which the magnificence of the temple architecture stands out startlingly among the growing decadence of life and literature.



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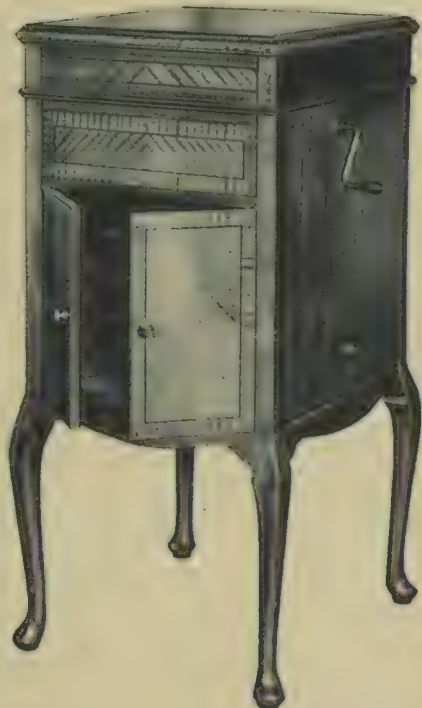
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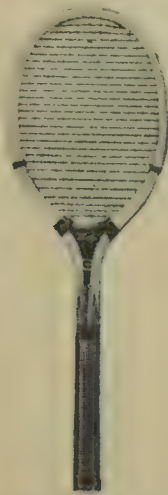
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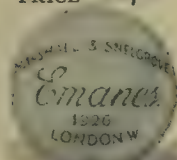
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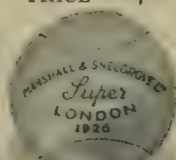


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# PISA'S FAMOUS PULPIT RESTORED: A MARVEL OF RECONSTRUCTION.

(See Illustrations on Page 915).

GIOVANNI PISANO'S great pulpit in the Duomo at Pisa, scattered into hundreds of fragments after the fire of 1595, has been gradually pieced together and reconstructed, as shown in our photographs on page 915 in this number.

Continuing his description of it begun on that page, Professor Federico Halbherr writes: "The pulpit—a wonderful assemblage of statues and reliefs, from its base to its top—is held up by a central pillar, formed by the marble figures of the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, surrounded with caryatides and other columns, some of which rest on superb statues of lions devouring their prey, a motive which recalls the art of the earlier Middle Ages. All the rest of the composition, and especially the reliefs, shows the characteristics of the most severe classic style, and that fullness of dramatic power and movement in complicated scenes which is the salient note in the art of Giovanni Pisano. The sculptures on the basement and epistyle consist mainly of symbolical figures relating to the Christian conception of the reward of the good and the punishment of the evil, and to philosophical ideas of the time. All around the central pillar are to be seen, in harmonious grouping, the four cardinal virtues, the four rivers that image the chief regions of the world, symbols of the spreading of the Gospel, a statue of St. Michael the Archangel leading the souls of the blessed to Heaven and chasing the wicked into exterior darkness, and the Arts of Trivium and

Quadrivium—the foundation of mediæval knowledge and culture—represented by female figures.

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and the great one symbolising the propagation of Faith amongst the peoples of the earth, with the strong figure of St. Paul in the centre. These must be regarded as masterpieces in the representation of crowds and movement, only surpassed by Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

"A bronze reproduction of the statue of St. Michael will be offered by the city of Pisa to Signor Mussolini, in memory of what is considered to be the most important artistic event in Italy during his administration."



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Mrs. Bean is shown with (left to right) Bassanio and Brutus. Brutus, who was in the last four in the Waterloo Cup this year, is the largest dog in training and weighs over 80 lb.

which 'divide the single compositions, appear the figures of the Prophets. Amongst the most prominent scenes are those of Herod giving orders for the slaughter of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt,

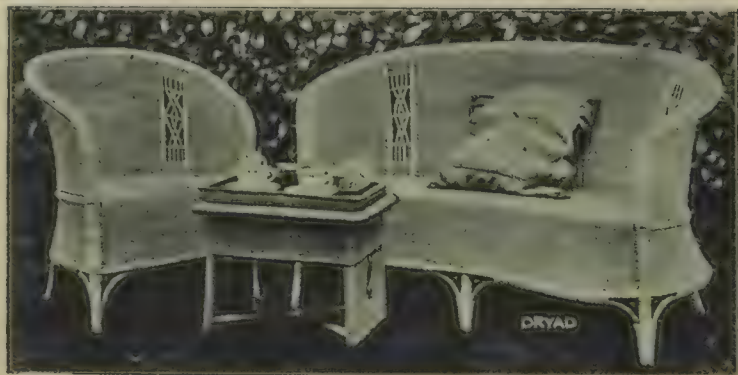
together with a selection of the sculpture exhibited this year. The *Royal Academy Illustrated* is published at 2s. 6d., and is a most interesting souvenir of the 1926 show.



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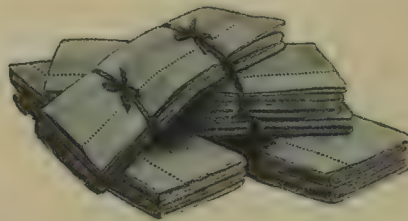
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motor-Cars in the Strike. For the purposes of these notes, the only aspect of the General Strike that matters is the part played in defeating it by the motor-car. I imagine that nobody will be bold enough to controvert the



AT THE LODGE GATES OF COOMBE ABBEY, NEAR COVENTRY:  
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plain statement that it was the motor-car and wireless that played the principal rôles in the struggle. I am speaking "mechanically," of course, and without for a moment forgetting the great part which was taken by the tens of thousands of volunteer workers of all descriptions who rallied to the assistance of the forces of law and the Constitution.

It is interesting to speculate what might have happened if the General Strike had occurred twenty years ago, before the motor vehicle had made possible the enormously powerful transport organisation which the Government found at its disposal the moment "civil war" was declared by the T.U.C. Then

it would, humanly speaking, have been impossible to distribute food and the essentials of life. Communications of any kind, save the purely local services which might have been worked by horse transport, would have been non-existent, and with the complete stoppage of postal facilities—and, above all, the cessation of all the usual news-distributing media—a national panic might easily have come to pass, with its corollary of an abject surrender to the forces of disruption. Even if that had not happened, the nation must have starved within a very few days, and the question would then have arisen as to which party was best prepared to stand the starvation test. Fortunately for the country, the motor-car filled one part of the breach, while wireless blocked the other, and, as both were in the hands or at the disposal of the Government, there could have been only the one end to the struggle—the end we saw.

## Some Astounding Figures.

We are accustomed to regard the figures relating to motor-cars in America with a species of awe. We find that there is one motor-car

to about every seven of the population, and we base all sorts of arguments on that fact. What we are apt to forget is that this country has by far the largest motor fleet in the world for its area. Some statistics supplied me by the A.A. are rather eloquent in this direction. These figures set forth that at the commencement of the strike the motor strength of the country was: 640,000 passenger cars, with a total carrying capacity of 2,500,000

persons; 600,000 motor-cycles, with a passenger capacity of 700,000; and 230,000 motor vans and lorries, with a capacity of 460,000 tons.

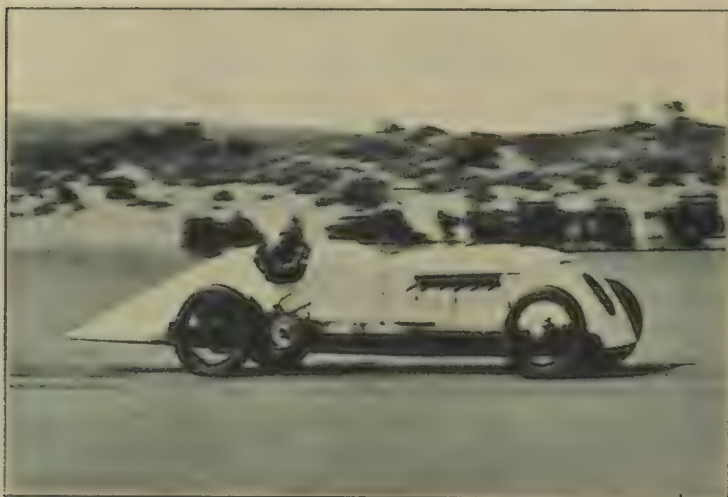
Therefore, one-and-a-half million motor vehicles were available for transport of passengers and food during the time that ordinary railway and other transport was suspended. It is estimated that the private vehicles were capable of carrying within four hours nearly twelve million passengers over a distance of ten miles at a speed of ten miles an hour. In four hours the goods vehicles could transport one million tons over the same distance. All this potential transport (I use the term advisedly) would have been of little avail had it not been organised in advance of the outbreak. But organised it was, thanks to the prescience of the Government, and in great part to the willing manner in which the great motoring organisations placed themselves at the disposal of the departments concerned. However, the strike is over,  
*(Continued overleaf.)*



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(Continued.)

and everybody has learned his lesson, so we will for the moment leave it at that.

**Rear Signals.**

During the past year or two numberless patents have been taken out for rear signalling devices for use on cars. I don't know how many of these contrivances are being advertised and sold at the moment, but I see numerous examples mounted on cars as I take my runs abroad. What impresses me more than anything about these signalling affairs is that they are seldom used. The one exception is the more or less automatic device which lights up the rear lamp when the foot brake is applied. Once this is installed, it must work unless a wire is broken or there is a bad contact, and so that is the one we see in action when all the hand-operated affairs are forgotten. Of course, the rear lamp signal only informs following traffic that the car in front is slowing down. It does not indicate an intention to turn or otherwise manoeuvre, but I am not at all sure that it does not convey all the information necessary.

Obviously, if one sees that the car in front is slowing, one watches it to see what is going to happen next, and acts accordingly. It would be interesting to hear what the users of some of the more complicated signals think of them after the novelty has worn off.

**Steam-Cars.**

I have received a long letter from a correspondent asking me why the steam-car has virtually ceased to exist. It is an interesting letter, but far too long to publish. In fact, I have not space for all the questions raised by my correspondent.

I think, generally, the answer to the primary question is that the steam-car went out of favour because of its inefficiency as compared with the internal-combustion engined vehicle. Obviously, the place to burn your fuel is where it has to do its work—i.e., on top of the pistons. In the steam car you have to reckon with fuel losses in the burner, in the steam generator, between the latter and the engine, and again in the engine itself.

I quite agree that the steam-car has many points in its favour, but the balance is so heavily against it that—well, that history has been written as it has.

W. W.

**THE PLAYHOUSES.****"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.**

IF all American exports of drama were as good as Mr. Sidney Howard's piece, "They Knew What They Wanted," our playwrights would soon be calling out for protection. Alike in the way of story and in freshness of characterisation, it is a long way ahead of most of the plays that are filling our London programmes. Its story borrows, consciously or unconsciously—no matter which—an idea from the elder Rostand's "Cyrano": the incident of the hero's getting a friend to express his love sentiments to the woman he adores. Make Roxane a waitress in a poor-class restaurant; transform Cyrano into an elderly and illiterate Italian vine-grower away in California; let Christian be a shiftless but loyal-hearted farm-hand who permits his own photograph to be substituted for his friend's in the all-important love-letter, and you have the start of this very moving stage romance. It is moving because the younger man, Joe, falls in love with the girl, but is dumb about his feelings, and because with her it is a case of youth responding to youth and shrinking from grey hairs; it is moving also because there is so much that is lovable in Tony, the bridegroom, who is obviously in for trouble. Moreover, all three leading characters are well observed, not least the tired waitress who sees no way out of her marriage because she has thrown up her work and would be laughed at by her colleagues if she returned to it unwedded. The play is beautifully acted. Mr. Sam Livesey in Tony gets the part of a lifetime; he has a brilliant foil in Mr. Glenn Anders, an American player whose Joe took the first-night audience at the St. Martin's by storm; and Miss Tallulah Bankhead, having for once a real woman to portray, does it with refreshing sincerity.

**"ALOMA." AT THE ADELPHI.**

These South Sea plays—what a lot we are ready to excuse in them for the sake of their brightly tinted settings and their visions of native beauty, scantily robed and coffee-coloured! Gauguin has painted the men and women of the South Seas with stern avoidance of idealism; a truce to such brutality! Give us for choice the comic-opera type of brown maiden as in "Aloma," who tells her "Mr. Bob" that she will

only forget him when the stars go out. Her love for her white man must be kept an innocent affair. Aloma may be willing to fall, but he must gently reject her favours; though he is a drunkard, made so by the loss of his English sweetheart and cured by this native housekeeper of his within three weeks, he must be a Quixote. For his former lady-love is soon coming on to the scene, accompanied by her scamp of a husband, and if the sharks are to dispose of the husband conveniently, Bob himself must be without serious encumbrances. There is, to be sure, a moment, in the midst of a truly lurid stage thunderstorm, when Bob, faced with his Sylvia in his hut, and once more offered love without bonds, shouts "To hell with convention!" and looks perilously like tumbling off his pedestal of virtue. But the sharks do their business in good time, and the audience is afforded the excitement without the consequences of naughtiness. This is the stuff, abounding in colour and merely playing with passion, that many of us still like in the theatre; and with the acting of Mr. Cronin Wilson (villain), Mr. Francis Lister (hero), Miss Muriel Alexander (English heroine), and Miss Vivienne Osborne (brown girl) to help it, it looks like emulating the run of "White Cargo."

**"THE PADRE." AT THE LYCEUM.**

The story of "The Padre," an adaptation of "Mon Curé chez les Riches," introduces us to a country priest who as a war chaplain has developed breezy, unconventional ways, and preserves these when brought into touch with *nouveaux riches*, frequenters of a night club, and dignitaries of the Church. Its broad humour makes amends for rather too much sermonising and sentimentality, and there are some good performances at the Lyceum—Mr. Basil Gill as the Padre, Miss Olive Sloane, consistently amusing as a newly rich vulgarian, and Mr. H. R. Hignett, who figures as a Cardinal, all leaving their mark.

There was immense enthusiasm at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on the opening night of the brief revival of "The Beggar's Opera," with nearly the whole of the original cast. Everything went with a swing, and many *encores* were demanded. London had this opportunity of enjoying the famous piece again through the temporary transfer of "Riverside Nights" to the Ambassadors' Theatre during the strike. The revue will return to Hammersmith when "The Beggar's Opera" has completed its three weeks' run.

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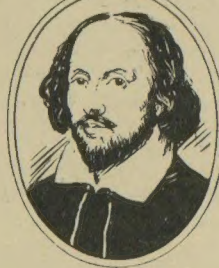
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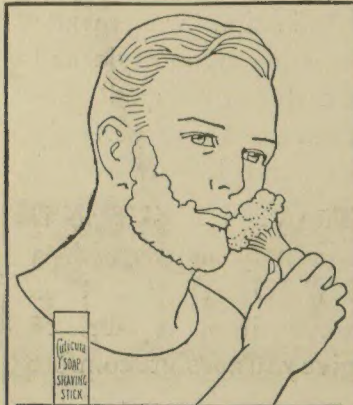
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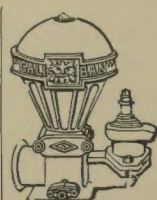
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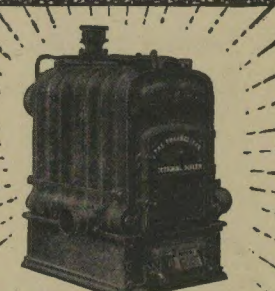
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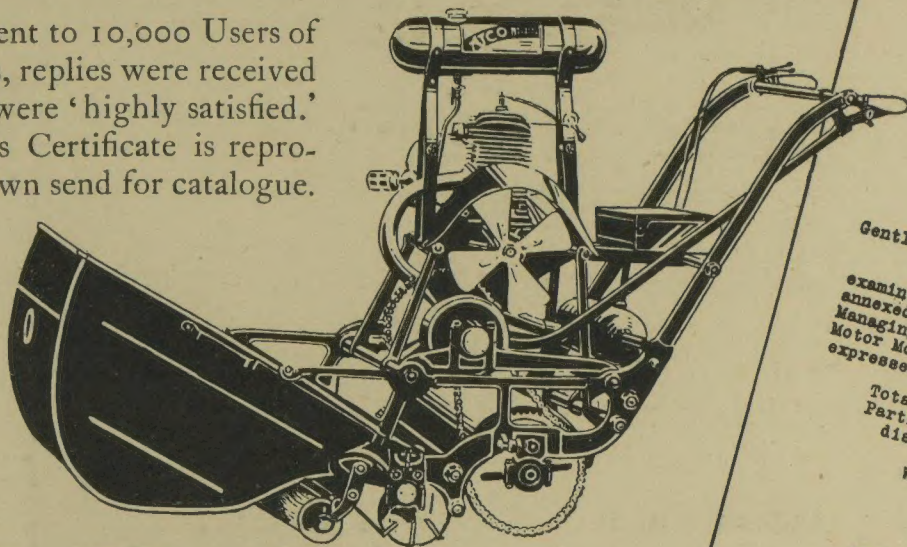


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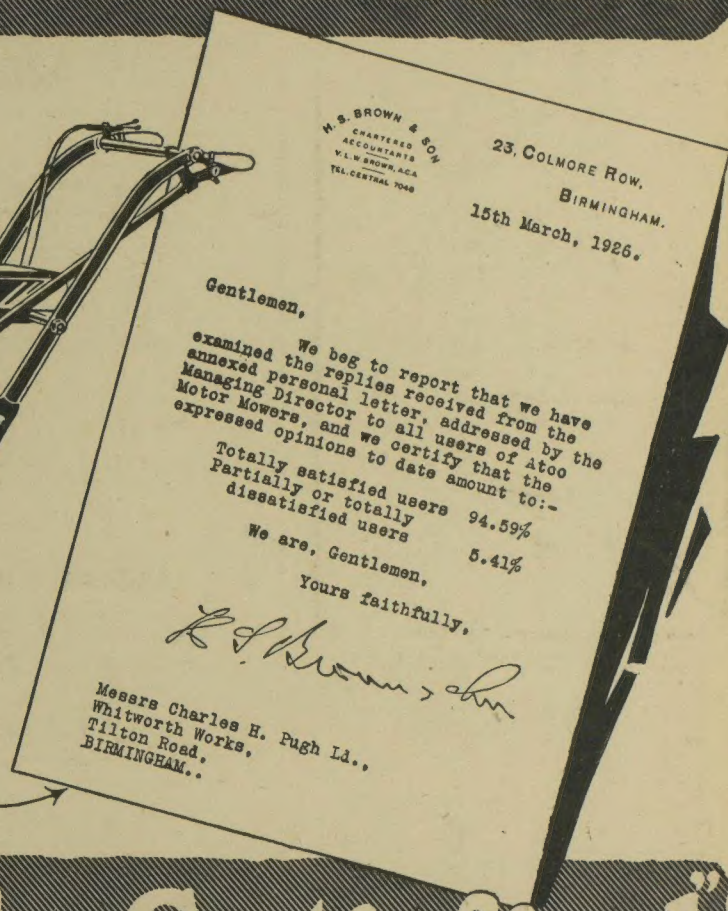
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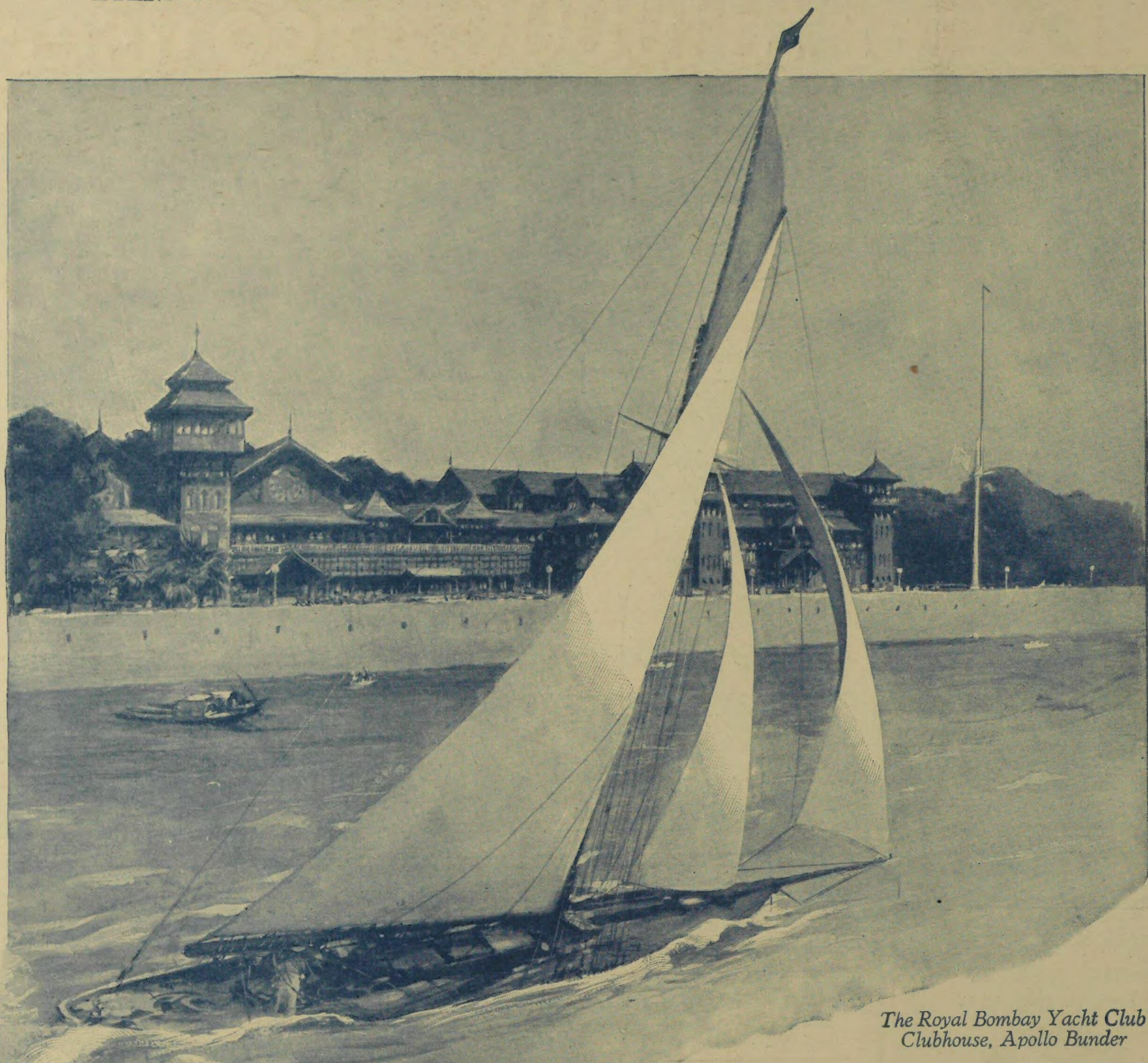
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